

# Improvement Era

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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD  
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S  
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT  
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE  
SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH  
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER  
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## The Northern Autocrats

This page is not to be a piece of character analysis, historical data nor summing up of human beings, who dominate or once dominated over their fellow men in the social, financial, political or the ecclesiastical realms. No; we write of very ancient autocrats, of those who have held sway over a wide region from early time, primeval autocrats—we mean The Three Tetons.

Upon what changes the Tetons have looked down! "What's in a name?" By what name was that mass of stone—the Teton Range—that looks in so cold and so threatening a manner upon the surrounding land once known by the vanished tribes? If the French trappers or the later Anglo-Saxon emigrants ever knew, it is now forgotten. Those peaks have stood amid seas of ice, and, upon the far horizon, seen the lurid light of flames that once issued out of now extinct craters from the nether fires. Zoned in the distance by the pale green of the artemesia covered plains, the Tetons, however, are surrounded by their own shadowing forests of spruce and pine. Their beauty and majesty are mirrored in the translucent lakes formed by the melting of their own vast fields of snow and the lakes themselves are the sources of famous streams. The Tetons can be seen from portions of Idaho, Wyoming, Utah and Montana. Tremendous those heights touched with the silver of dawn, the gold and red of the sunset and the twilight! And when come the storms, the Tetons gather first the robes of cloud, they are the last to lay them aside. A law unto themselves are the Northern Autocrats!

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.





THE GREAT TETON, WYOMING

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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## An Experiment on Caffeine

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*By George S. Snoddy, Ph. D., Prof. of Psychology, University of Utah*

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[This new experiment on the effect of caffeine citrate upon mental activity seems to the editors of the *Era* very important. Many have believed that the effect of stimulants is the same both on the higher and the lower brain centers. We are here shown, by actual test, and through scientific experiment, for the first time, so far as we know, that what stimulates the lower brain activity may greatly interfere with, if not completely eliminate, the higher. That is what the drug caffeine does. Therefore, when you are about to drink the next potion of caffeine stop and reason; ask yourself whether you will be a thinker or a mere fusser.]

The word of wisdom given to the Latter-day Saints promises that all who refrain from hot, strong and stimulating drinks, coffee, tea, and other beverages containing caffeine, and from wine and nicotine, "shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures." This very important experiment by Dr. Snoddy, confirms the fact and teaches us how this promise may come about very naturally, in one way, at least—by men refraining from stimulants (caffeine and those of like nature) that greatly interfere with mental activity involving the higher functions of the brain, and requiring that deliberation and analysis, necessary to important mental work.—*Editors.*]

During the Spring of 1920, the Department of Psychology in the University of Utah, devised a set of experiments to show the effect of caffeine upon mental activity. It is a matter of common knowledge that tea, coffee, coca cola, and many other stimulants and beverages contain caffeine. A number of experiments have been conducted in the United States and in Germany upon the effect of caffeine on mental activity, but in the main these experiments have been of little value, largely due

to the failure of the experimenters to properly isolate the mental activities concerned.

Our own experiment was carefully planned so as to reveal the effect upon two sorts of mental activity,—(1) those functions carried out by the high brain centers, and (2) those involved in the functioning of the low brain centers. It will be of value to the layman to know that the mental activities dependent upon the functioning of the high brain centers are those that function in sustained and deliberate thought, such as is characteristic of one's mental activity during the solution of a difficult problem; while those functions dependent upon the activity of the low brain centers are of the automatic character, such as the simple addition of numbers in the case of an individual highly skilled in adding numbers, or the carrying out of any muscular act involving no mental discrimination or deliberation.

Our results showed conclusively that the effect of the caffeine was to retard or inhibit the functioning of the high brain centers and thus retard or interfere with concentrated or deliberate thought; while the effect upon the low brain centers was clearly that of stimulation or exaltation of functioning. This means that any activity which is of the much practiced or automatic sort would be stimulated and consequently much speeded up by the effect of the caffeine, while that mental activity involving deliberation or analysis would be very greatly interfered with if not completely eliminated.

It is of great interest to observe that during the experiment the subjects who participated expected to find all of their mental functions greatly stimulated, while the results of the experiment clearly indicate that many of the important functions are almost wholly suppressed. The fact of stimulation, however, with the consequent false opinion of the subject, is interesting because it clearly shows why many of the users of caffeine continue its use. Another point along this line is also of interest. One phase of our experiment introduced a considerable amount of excitement. The results showed that this excitement had the same effect, although to a lesser extent, as the caffeine itself. From this one can see that the effect of the caffeine is to produce a kind of excitement,—the very sort of

thing which common experience shows us not to be desirable when it is necessary to do an important piece of mental work.

The results also indicate that those who had had a considerable amount of adaptation to the use of caffeine were not so much affected as those who had not been in the habit of using the drug in any form; although it is worth while to note that these habituated people were always very much more affected than they thought they would be. The experiment indicates that a certain amount of adaptation takes place through the repeated use of the drug over a long period of time, yet this adaptation is considerably less than the average person is likely to believe, and in some cases is scarcely discernible.

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## The Awakening

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A glorious banner is unfurled,  
The Stars and Stripes majestic wave;  
Freedom and justice, truth and power,  
Her right, a tottering world to save.

What though the despot, blind with rage,  
Plans in his heart our certain fall,  
Chains forged by hate are plaited straw,  
His sure reward, wormwood and gall.

Pleasure and peace, like sunshine played  
Over Columbia's broad domain,  
Hark, from afar there comes a cry:  
"Help, or we die, and die in vain!"

Startled we raised our tardy eyes,  
Gaunt wolves of terror scourged the land,  
Widows and orphans done to death,  
Murder and famine, hand in hand.

Girding our loins we dauntless rose,  
Stretching our hands across the sea:  
"Succor and life we bring, fear not,  
Brothers in arms, we haste to thee."

No more the eagle rests at ease;  
Soaring, her nestlings rule the sky,  
Striking for Freedom, blow on blow;  
"Victory or death!" their battle cry.

After the din of conflict dies,  
O Lord, we pray thee, hear us then,  
Usher thou in thy reign of Peace,  
"Glory to God, good will to men."

*J. Lloyd Woodruff.*



# Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "New Revelation" and "Vital Message"

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*By Joseph A. West*

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Among the many developments of the nineteenth century none are more remarkable than spiritualism. One hundred years ago the religious world believed that since the apostles of Jesus fell asleep, "the heavens had been sealed as brass over our heads," and when the "Mormon" elders announced that communication was again restored between the heavens and the earth, in the glorious manifestation of the Father and the Son to the Prophet Joseph Smith, the world seemed aflame with bitterness and persecution. Almost immediately after this, spiritualism began to manifest itself in different parts of the country, and has since grown, until it now counts its votaries by the millions, and among them, a great many learned and scientific men in every part of the world.

Mr. Doyle says that thirty years ago he was completely infidel to every phase of spiritualism, but that an almost constant study and investigation thereof, from then until now, has convinced him that there is life after death and that communication has been established between the living and the dead.

He arraigns Christianity as a failure, which places too much stress upon Christ's death and not enough upon the example of his life and teachings, reiterating the oft-repeated statement that he was only a great reformer that died for an ideal, and thus became a martyr for the advanced principles which he taught. He gives Christ credit, however, for possessing an ideal infinitely higher, and of greater potentiality than that possessed by any reformer before or since his time. The following is what he claims to be the general opinion held in the spirit world with respect to Christianity:

Opinion is not absolutely uniform over there, any more than it is here; but reading a number of messages upon this subject they amount to the following: There are many higher spirits with our departed. They vary in degree. Call them angels and you are in touch with old religious thought. High above all these is the great spirit of whom we have cognizance—not God, since God is so infinite that he is not within their ken—but one who is nearer God. This is the Christ spirit. His special care is this earth. He came upon it at a time of great earthly depravity—a time when the world was almost as wicked as it is now—in order to give the people the lesson



of an ideal life. Then he returned to his own high station, having left an example that is still occasionally followed. Redemption is hardly ever spoken of.

Through spiritualism he has discovered that the spirit world is right here on this earth; that after a time, a kind of probationary season, all advance to another condition where it is not so easy to reach them; that the best time to get communication from the other side is right after death, and that the longer after this that you wait the more difficult it is.

A brief interval, however, of varying length is passed, immediately after death, in a kind of recuperative sleep. Most of his best psychical investigations were made right after this period, or at the moment of dissolution. Out of 250 cases to which he refers, 134 were taken at this time, from which, among other things, he learned the following:

The departed all agree that passing is usually both easy and painless, and followed by an enormous reaction of peace and ease. The individual finds himself in a spirit body, which is the exact counterpart of his old one, save that all disease, weakness, or deformity has passed away. This body is standing or floating beside the old one, and conscious both of it and of the surrounding people. The dead man \* \* \* soon finds, to his surprise, that though he endeavors to communicate with those whom he sees, his ethereal voice and his ethereal touch are equally unable to make any impression upon those human organs which are only attuned to coarser stimuli. He is presently aware that there are others in the room besides those who were with him there in life, and among these others, who seem to him as substantial as the living, there appears familiar faces, and he finds his hands grasped or his lips kissed by those whom he had loved and lost. Then in their company, and with the help and guidance of some more radiant being who has stood by and waited for the new comer, he drifts, to his own surprise, through all solid obstacles to and out upon his new life. This is a definite statement, and this is the story told by one after the other with a consistency which impels belief. \* \* \* The spirit is not a glorified angel or goblin damned, but is simply the person himself, containing all his strength and weakness, his wisdom and his folly, exactly as he has retained his personality (pages 65 to 67).

Mr. Doyle was informed that hell, as a place of torture, did not exist, but that purifying chastisements in purgatory take its place. That punishment is very certain and very serious, but consisted mainly in the fact that the wicked were consigned to lower spheres with a knowledge that their own conduct in life had placed them there, but with the hope that by the help of those above them they might be advanced to better conditions; that the main business of the more fortunate was to uplift their more unfortunate: "The greatest joys of heaven," as he puts it, "is in emptying hell." They all agree as to the pleasant conditions of life behind the veil, that all who love or have interests in common are united, and life is so full of interest and occupation that none would wish to return. He accounts for the increasing difficulty as time goes by of communication with the

departed, to be found in the fact that at first most of their loved ones are here, but with the passing of time, their immediate circle of friends and acquaintances have joined them over there, and hence their interest in this life diminishes. Later they pass to another sphere from whence communication seems to be more frequent, and less difficult. Also, while our loved ones very much desire to communicate with us, and often do so, especially during our sleeping hours, they find as much difficulty in reaching our irresponsive grosser personalities as we do in getting in touch with the spirit world, and this is the barrier between us. The lower cannot ascend but the higher can descend. The child grows to normal, age disappears, together with every weakness or deformity, and youth and beauty prevail everywhere.

Here let me say that the early manifestations of spiritualism were of a physical character, such as the moving of tables, automatic music, spirit rappings, etc., but since then there has arisen a great many forms of mediumship, which, Mr. Doyle says, are so different from each other that an expert at one may possess no power whatever at the other. He specifies them as the clairvoyant, the crystal-seer, the automatic writer, the trance speaker, the photographic medium and the direct voice medium, most all of whom can work better in the dark than in the light. (See page 33, *Vital Message*.)

On page 41 of the same work he says:

We must also admit that some mediums are extremely irresponsible and fever-headed people. A friend of mine, who sat with Eusapia Palladino, assured me that he saw her cheat in the most childish and bare-faced fashion, and yet immediately afterwards incidents occurred which were absolutely beyond any normal power to produce.

On page 46, *ibid*, we find the following:

In automatic writing you are at one end of the telephone, if one may use such a simile, and you have no assurance who is at the other end. You may have wildly false messages suddenly interpolated between truthful ones—messages so detailed in their mendacity that it is impossible to think that they are not deliberately false. When once we have accepted the central fact that spirits change little in essentials when leaving the body, that in consequence the world is infested by many low and mischievous types, one can understand that these untoward incidents are rather a confirmation of spiritualism than an argument against it. \* \* \* In clairvoyance the same sudden inexplicable deceptions occur.

On page 75, *ibid*, the following occurs:

The question of mediumship, what it is and how it acts, is one of the most mysterious in the whole range of science. It is a common objection to say, if our dead are there, why should we only hear from them through people by no means remarkable for moral or mental gifts, who are often paid for their ministrations?

On pages 91 and 92 of *The New Revelation* appears the following:

Apart from all these limitations [referring to the fact that the spirit's estimate of time is almost always wrong] we have, unhappily, to deal with absolute cold-blooded lying on the part of wicked and mischievous intelligences. Everyone who has investigated the matter has, I suppose, met with examples of wilful deception, which are occasionally mixed up with good and true communications. It was of such messages, no doubt, that the apostle wrote when he said: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God." These words can only mean that the early Christians not only practiced spiritualism, as we understand it, but also that they were faced with the same difficulties. There is nothing more puzzling than the fact that one may get a long connected description with every detail given, and that it may prove to be entirely a concoction. However, we must bear in mind that if one case comes absolutely correct, it atones for many failures, just as if you had one telegram correct you would know that there was a line and a communication, however much they broke down afterwards.

Notwithstanding all of the above admissions, Mr. Doyle makes the following remarkable and astonishing statement:

The conclusion of my long search after truth is that in spite of occasional frauds, which spiritualists deplore, and in spite of wild imaginings, which they discourage, there remains a great solid core in this movement which is infinitely nearer to positive truth than any religious development with which I am acquainted.—*The New Revelation*.

I do not see how anyone can place any dependence upon a means of communication with the other world that is so liable to be unbiddingly used by wicked and delusive spirits.

Upon the matter of mediumship, Mr. Doyle says:

The medium is, in truth, a mere passive machine, clerk and telephone in one. Nothing comes from him. Every message is through him. Why he or she should have the power more than anyone else is a problem. This power may be best defined as the capacity for allowing the bodily powers, physical and mental, to be used by an outside influence. In its higher forms there is temporary extinction of personality and the substitution of some other controlling spirit.—*The Vital Message*, page 76.

How different all this is from true inspiration or revelation from God! The Apostle Paul declares that, "The spirit of the prophet is subject to the prophet," and elsewhere in the scriptures we are told that, "The prophets of old spoke and wrote as they were moved upon by the Holy Ghost." The Holy Ghost is a spirit of truth and cannot lie. Joseph Smith defines it as "a Spirit of pure intelligence," and not one that robs us of our mental and physical powers in any sense. Under its inspiration men, in the full exercise of all their faculties, have experienced moments of great mental and spiritual exaltation during which many great and glorious truths, unmixed with error, have been revealed not only in this gospel dispensation but in all the dispensations past.

Neither can this spirit be invoked, nor the medium of communication be employed by wicked men on this side of the veil, nor by evil and lying spirits on the other. Paul says it will not dwell in unholy temples or the bodies of the wicked. (I Cor. 3:16, 17.)

From time immemorable there have been two spirits operating among mankind, and two mediums of communication between this and the other world: One from Lucifer and the other from the Lord. Through the latter, Abel was led to live a righteous life, and through listening to the former, Cain became a murderer. One enabled Pharaoh's magicians to withstand Aaron and duplicate the miracles performed through him, until the final test, when Aaron's serpent swallowed up the serpent of the magicians, thus demonstrating the superiority of the power by which it was sustained; while the other led Moses in his triumphal delivery of Israel from bondage and from tyranny. One inspired the wicked prophets of Baal and the other the prophet Elijah when he called down fire from heaven and destroyed them for leading Israel astray. One took possession of King Saul because he had violated God's command and was thereby cut off from the Lord's favor and communion, and led to seek the medium of Endor. The other inspired David to become one of Israel's greatest kings. In that day, Saul, by the direction of the Lord had "put away" the mediums, and hence he was compelled to seek this one in disguise. She soon found out who he was, however, and delivered to him a much more truthful message than usually comes from similar sources today, yet this did not disprove nor condone the evil source through which it came.

In I John 4:1, it is said:

Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world.

Then in the next verses we are told:

Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God; and this is that spirit of anti-Christ, whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already is it in the world.

He did not mean Jesus, the great reformer, but Jesus the Christ, the Redeemer of the world, for so he preached and bore testimony of him. These passages should be sufficient to convince any and all true believers in the Bible that spiritualism, as it exists today, is not of God, for it universally denies the divinity of the mission of the Christ, as the Savior and Redeemer of the world.

The prophet Joseph had a foretaste of this power just be-



fore the heavenly visitation that opened up this dispensation; and later the Lord revealed through him many things regarding spiritualism that you will find in Joseph Smith's teachings. In reading what the prophet has to say upon this subject, and upon the conditions that exist in the spirit world, to be found in his history, it is hard to get away from the conviction that Mr. Doyle found much of the truthful portion of his statements and descriptions of the spirit world in the doctrines of the "Mormon" Church.

Through the Prophet Joseph Smith the fact was revealed that the Lord created all things spiritually, before they were created temporally, upon the earth, including man and all the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and that after death all will again appear in the exact likeness of their earth life, being composed of a spirit element much more pure and refined than the elements that compose the body. This spirit identity can pass through earthly solids and cannot be seen except through or by our spiritual sight or vision. Conditions behind the veil are an exact counterpart of conditions here—the hills and valleys, great rivers and small streams, the trees and vegetation, but all of a much higher order and of greater beauty. Man in the spirit world will be just what he was at the time of his demise, and will be possessed of all his acquirements, educationally and otherwise. If a very good and a very gifted man here, he will be the same there, and if a demon here, and he has not repented and made full reparation, he will be the same there; hence, we find in the spirit world the wise and the foolish, the educated and the unlearned, the good and the bad, and people of all shades of opinion and belief. If a Catholic here, he or she will be a Catholic there, until converted to some other faith. Hence the opinion of the spirits behind the veil are as varied as their individual personalities and no more to be relied upon there than here. "Mormonism" teaches that as Christ did a vicarious work for all mankind, so may men and women, when rightly directed and duly authorized, do a vicarious work here for loved ones gone, in having performed for them gospel ordinances that they failed to receive in mortality, and which alone appertain thereto; that one of our greatest responsibilities hereafter will be to preach the gospel in the spirit world, that by the acceptance of the same, the saving ordinances thereof, as taught by the Redeemer of the world, may be applied to souls in that sphere of life, and they receive the benefits, blessings and glories thereof; so that all of God's children may ultimately be saved and exalted in some degree of divine glory.

The Church and Kingdom of Christ, with all its laws, ordinances and officers, exists over there as here, and both work in conjunction. All are very busy, and all are su-

premely happy, compared with the sorrows and trials of mortal life. The child that dies in infancy grows to the full stature of its spirit life, and the earthly relationships that we form through the holy Priesthood here, and do not violate through transgression, are perpetuated there, including all earthly family organizations with their exquisite joys.

Hell arises from conscious regrets of what we *might have been* and not from eternal, torturous physical pain, as believed in by many of the sectarian world.

The memory of the righteous embraces all the experiences of their past, present, and future lives, except those things that would measurably destroy their happiness, and of which they have repented and made full reparation; while one of the sources of sorrow and punishment to the wicked is a vivid recollection of all their evil deeds. Those who inherit a higher degree of glory can administer, and do administer to the lower, but the lower cannot ascend to the higher, or the glory for which their earthly lives have not fitted or prepared them. The constant mission of the higher is to elevate and advance those below them, for all are God's children and of one great fraternal family.

The spirit world is right here on this earth where those who have abided a celestial law (for the prophet said this earth would abide that law) will receive their inheritance, and the earth will take its place among celestial spheres very near the throne of God, or the world upon which he dwells.

Many of the Latter-day Saints, and especially those laboring in the temples, have been permitted glimpses of the spirit world, and find conditions as here stated. President Jedediah M. Grant related to President Kimball such a vision a short time before his death. He said that he met many with whom he had been acquainted in life, including loved ones gone before, and all were just as they were in life, but very happy and unwilling to return. He describes that world as beautiful beyond mortal conception. Its architecture far exceeded his highest conception of the temple of Solomon, and its beautiful scenery and wealth of flowers and vegetation were beyond description. President Young said death itself was not only painless but a moment of superlative joy, and so I might continue at great length, but space will not permit.

All of this, and much more that limited space prevents me from naming here, was revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and through him to others, when spiritualism was just beginning to manifest itself anew in unintelligible, mysterious physical manifestations.

Many have supposed that all spiritual communications, except those that come through the channels of the holy priest-

hood, were inspired by the evil one, and for an evil purpose. This is invariably true where any one pretends to receive, through such sources, revelations for the guidance of the Church. Even when of an individual character, they should be regarded with suspicion, because there are so many lying spirits abroad in that world laying in wait to deceive, and who, we are told, would, were it possible, deceive the very elect. There are times, however, when the Lord permits loved ones who have gone before to bring comforting messages to the living, but in all such cases, the communication is directly with the person for whom such message is intended, and not through a third, irresponsible person. If doubt arises as to the character of such a messenger we have the following key:

When a messenger comes, saying he has a message from God, offer him your hand, and request him to shake hands with you. If he be an angel, he will do so, and you will feel his hand. If he be the spirit of a just man made perfect, he will come in his glory; for that is the only way he can appear. Ask him to shake hands with you, but he will not move, because it is contrary to the order of heaven for a just man to deceive; but he will still deliver his message. If it be the devil as an angel of light, when you ask him to shake hands, he will offer you his hand, and you will not feel anything; you may therefore detect him. (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 129:4-8.)

We are told in the same revelation that there are two kinds of beings in heaven, *viz.*, angels who are resurrected personages, having bodies of flesh and bones; and the spirits of just men made perfect, who are not resurrected, but inherit the same glory. In our day men have rejected the true medium of communication between God and man—the Holy Priesthood, and are accepting, as never before, spiritualism with its minimum of truth intermixed with much very dangerous error. If however, spiritualism can but aid in impressing upon the minds of that great multitude of mankind who are infidel thereto, the reality of life after death, it has been of some use, and offers us another evidence of the Lord's ability to use the instrumentalities of evil to further his purposes.

The main cause of the social unrest and political chaos throughout the world today is a disbelief in God and a hereafter. Millions in Europe and multitudes in our own fair, free land have abandoned a belief in a world and life beyond. They ask for no heaven, and they fear no hell. They want what they claim to be their share of the good things of life without any reciprocal or productive effort on their part. Hence they cry, "Down with government, the world over. Let us destroy with fire and sword, the existing order of society, that we may at once come into possession of our share of the world's wealth, for time is passing and death will end it all!" Faith in God and the hereafter would remedy this evil.

*Logan, Utah.*

# The Tablet in the Sacred Grove

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By Dr. James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

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Not a few of the visitors to the Sacred Grove, near Palmyra, N. Y., have had their curiosity aroused by the presence of a tablet of metal, which is nailed to one of the trees, and which bears an inscription in English and Latin. Queries as to its origin and possible significance have already given rise to fanciful and even fantastical stories, which, if allowed to circulate unchecked, may become in time the basis of misleading tradition.

With the purpose of correcting any erroneous assumptions already afloat, and of putting on record the known facts, attention is here given to what of itself is but a trivial matter.

The tablet is a sheet of rolled copper, 14½x10 inches, and somewhat less than ⅛ of an inch in thickness. The letters, all capitals, appear as indentations, and have been formed by the use of straight-line dies. Some are deeper than others, indicating unskilful hammering; and, generally, the lettering is of poor quality. The words are arranged in irregular lines, and read as follows:

GO PRAY—AGAIN I COME  
HINC LUCEM ET POCULA SACRA

The Latin words do not form a complete sentence, as the verb is absent; but their general meaning is deducible, and may be rendered thus:

*Here (or hence) light and sacred vessels (literally, cups).*

Either past or future tense may be intended, but the general tenor suggests the future. If to "*pocula sacra*" or "sacred vessels" we attach a figurative meaning, it may be understood as signifying holy, or Divine, outpouring, in short, revelation. A free rendering into our every-day English is this:

*Hence shall go forth light and sacred communication.*

I first saw the tablet on August 10, 1920, and was informed by Elder Willard W. Bean, who is custodian of the Joseph Smith Farm, which includes the Grove, that it was formerly attached to a tree near the edge of the copse, and that he had taken it



down and nailed it to the large and centrally located maple tree on which I saw it.

While not unmindful of the possibility of an intended hoax, on the part of the person who is responsible for the making of the tablet and for its having been posted in the Grove—the conceivable scheme being that the plate would be “discovered” and come to be regarded as of unusual and serious import—I was inclined to look upon the matter as an expression of reverence for the place.

In a recent conversation with Elder E. Frank Birch, president of Tintic stake, I casually referred to the stories about the plate in the Sacred Grove as a present instance of the readiness with which some people accept fancy for fact; and President Birch stated that he had some personal information relating to the subject. A written statement, which he kindly prepared at my request, is as follows:

Office of Tintic Stake Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of  
Latter-day Saints.

Silver City, Utah, Sept. 8, 1920.

*Dear Brother Talmage:*—On consulting my missionary journal and refreshing my memory, I am able to state that on December 15th, 1910, at Ambridge, Penn., Elder William Larse Jensen, of Ovid, Idaho, introduced to me a man by the name of Carl Lynn, as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This gentleman, Carl Lynn, told me, at that time, that he had prepared and placed in the Sacred Grove, at Palmyra, N. Y., a copper plate with engravings in English and Latin, part of which read: “Go Pray. Again I Come”. Mr. Lynn showed me what he claimed to be a fac-simile of the plate bearing the inscription.

(Sgd.) *E. Frank Birch*, President of Tintic Stake.

It appears, then, that the placing of the inscribed plate in the Sacred Grove, was the work of a well-meaning, though somewhat eccentric, individual; and that, beyond this, neither the tablet itself nor its presence in the Grove is of any significance.

# "Big-Foot," the King Woolf of San Juan

*By Albert R. Lyman, Editor "San Juan Record."*

When "Big-Foot" got his puppy eyes open and ventured to look out of the den where he and his little brothers were born, he saw the wild hills of a cattle range in southwestern Colorado. To the southeast rose the stately La Plattas from whose snowy heights came the Dolores river, rippling away towards the distant Utah line.

"Big-Foot" had no name in those days, his feet were small, his legs wobbly, and as he played and scuffled with the other pups showing his tiny white fangs, and regarding them, from his innocent baby eyes, he was as nice a little doggie as a boy could want to own.

Into that den his great, furry mother came quietly from the mysterious outside; she brought unspoken accounts of a world where creatures hunt and are hunted. The young wolves sniffed the red stains on her chin, and lapped at it with their tiny tongues. When they began to want more than the milk she gave them, she ate special meals at the place of the kill, to be recalled from her stomach in the den for their benefit.

Later she brought flesh reeking with rich blood, and if her stay away was long, as it sometimes happened, they ventured out from their rocky walls to look, to listen, and to sniff the wind with their sharp noses in the air. But let no one suppose the least semblance of endearment animated these puppies, one for the other, for in one of their rough games, when one of their little brothers got hurt, and bled, they set on him in fierce cannibal style and ate him up.

Farther and farther they wandered from the den as the summer advanced, and in the early autumn, they lost track of their mother. Then "Big-Foot" had such a love for hunting by himself, that he became estranged from his brothers and faced the problems of his wolf life alone. Part of his problem was to make a successful hunt, but the greater part of it, the more vital and the more difficult part, was to maintain his safety from the creatures who hunted him, with their deadly weapons and their cunning snares.

His enemies were men, men who rode swift horses, who carried long-range guns, set ugly traps in the most unexpected places, and put poison in anything a wolf might want to eat.

"Big-Foot" made it a point to give the horses no chance for an even race with him, he kept out of range of the guns, he made sure against traps by avoiding the tracks of men, and to be sure his meat was pure, he killed it himself. His brothers, likewise, and all his race, killed their own meat, and the cow-punchers of disappointment grew desperate in anger as the destruction increased among their cattle. They couldn't run the wolves down; they had tried it in vain; neither could they find them, to shoot them; the beasts wouldn't be trapped, and if they ate poison, they simply recalled it as their mother had recalled their early meals, and received no harm.

But one thing the cow men could do: they could get the riders from the neighboring ranges to help, and make a clean roundup of the country. Into some box canyon, or other safe place they would drive the whole pack and make sure of their destruction. That was in the winter of 1908, and snow lay deep on the ground. The thrilling races of that drive, the shots fired from horses, flying at full speed, the blood-stained trails, the suspense, the escape of capture, are no part of this story.

With a gang of cursing cow-punchers, gaining on them as they wallowed through the drifts, ten wolves were headed for the Dolores river; and, plunging into the floating ice they swam across to the south side. Among them was "Big-Foot," and the devoted she wolf whom he loved.

On the range in San Juan county, Utah, great tracks appeared, as if the coyote family might have been enlarged. Worse still, a slaughter began among the cattle, and word went out that wolves infested both desert and mountain. Some people refused to believe, but the report was too true. They offered rewards, small rewards at first, inducing the Piutes to take up the hunt, and a few trappers spread poison or arranged trap lines to small purpose.

One wolf fell victim to this campaign, but the reward was trifling, the exterminating process went on half-heartedly, and the wolf tribe grew in numbers. At length the tremendous loss aroused the cow men of San Juan to the real magnitude of the danger; they sent to Oregon for Roy Mussleman and his partner, Harry Scisson, professional trappers.

The two strangers came with their traps, in 1916, and were directed to Elk Mountain where a certain great wolf with his mate had been operating in the region of Peavine Spring, and had come to be known as the Peavine Wolf. For the mountain the trappers headed. Placing their traps with all due care, and baiting with scent, they waited eagerly, sure of a catch, nor felt surprise when they made it in the Forest Pasture at Kigaly. It was a female, the famous monarch's mate.

The Peavine wolf in sorrow and anger fought the dogs

of the trappers, daring them and worrying them night after night. Through the tall timber, and from groves of aspen and maple, they heard his hoarse call, long and melancholy, which received no answer! Then he attacked the dogs again. The world was empty; she who swam with him through the icy current of the Dolores was slain, they had baited their traps with her body. Accepting his challenge, Mussleman and Scisson pursued after his threatening voice; and, keeping just out of their sight, he led them on, mile after mile, to the Notch. When they saw the chase was hopeless, he followed them back, making his presence known by angry tones in their rear.

The scent which had lured his mate to her death, became an offense to him; he avoided it studiously; and, turning in his wrath from all baits and attractions of the trappers, he killed for revenge, he killed with an avidity and a certainty and a regularity which made him known and hated the country over.

When the cattle went to the winter range in October, he followed. His ominous track appeared in the sand of Comb Wash, on the windy hills of Slick Horn, and in the white-sage swales of Cow Tank. From each quarter he was reported by a different name; to some he was the Slick Horn wolf, to others the Comb Wash wolf, and to still others, the Big Wolf. When investigation proved all these to be one and the same animal, which made a round of the country several hundred miles in circumference every ten days, killing some choice animal every day, the cow men offered a reward of a thousand dollars for his capture. Then he became The Reward Wolf, and his notoriety spread to surrounding states.

While all these developments dragged through the months and into the years, Roy Mussleman, now following his trap lines alone, camped on the trail of the coveted monster, and assured his friends, when he happened to see them, the prize would be his in due time. To him the famous wolf was "Big-Foot," and nothing more, the same that dared him on to the Notch when he caught its mate at Kigaly.

And Roy knew "Big-Foot" as he knew the old horses he rode and packed; that is, he knew the old wolf's nature and habits, the country it liked best, and even the feelings of its fierce, broken heart. But, as to its physical power, he could only guess from the size of its track. In that guess he fell short, for when his plans, his special scent, and his stratagems sprung a number four trap on "Big-Foot's" ankle, the old fighter with the strength of a mule pulled out of it, and went away the wiser for his experience.

The amount that "lobo" learned from each contact with men, would do credit to men themselves. Having pulled a trap from the innocent looking dust, he seemed to comprehend the



whole system; he knew where the trap lay, as if he could see it. Surely he had no idea of going into print when he chose his superlative method of contempt for that steel thing hidden there for his capture.

Mussleman changed his whole program of operation, mixed a new scent, and laid his traps away from the trails and the passes, putting them on the most unlikely side of any tree or rock, and caught the king-wolf again. Again he pulled out of the trap; and again—and again—necessitating a new scent and a new plan eight different times.

Everybody had a feverish eagerness to capture "Big-Foot." Not only for the prizes and rewards amounting to twelve hundred dollars, but to be first in a race where many struggled for the lead. Letters from New York City made special bids on the coveted fur, and trappers from afar answered the lure of San Juan; not only men did so, but also one woman, who by the way did credit in her line to the general excellence of her sex. To be sure a prize of three hundred waited for any wolf caught in the county, but four times that amount for the capture of the old king. He was hunted by the Utes and the Navajos, he was coveted by every man who had a gun or a trap or a day to spare. As to the cow men themselves, they wearied of feeding him at such tremendous expense, and stood ready with but half a chance to follow him with rope or rifle.

The Scorup cow-punchers chased him on West Elk, and followed him in relays, till his long, red tongue hung like a red rag from the corner of his panting mouth, but he reached the rocky breaks, leaving them to hunt for his track.

When he followed the herds across the San Juan to the winter range on the reservation, Jean Powell and the Navajos burnt his trail in a whooping, lathering race. Rawhide quirts, cut through the hair of cayuses, pinto and buckskin, and wiry hoofs beat in a noisy cavalcade across the desert. It was to no purpose, the fleeing thing crossed a distant ridge still out of rifle range, and his track led to broken ledges, defying further pursuit.

Floyd Nielson and Harry Scisson recognized his track on the east slope of the ridge, and, spurring up to get a shot, crashed on and on through brush and trees, noting with satisfaction how his great claws sank deeper and deeper in the earth as he increased his efforts to escape them. Three miles—surely they must be near him, and they urged their horses; four, six, seven miles; he was making for the opening called Snow Flat, and there they could use their high power gun. When at the end of eight miles they emerged from the trees, gun in hand, reeking and panting in desperate exhaustion, the great "lobo" entered the forest on the other side, his hair standing erect on

his withers, and sure proof in his gait that he felt the strain. But the horses were dead on their feet, a continuous forest of rocks and trees lay ahead, and the king wolf entered it unmolested.

While all these spasmodic efforts went forward, by people from home and abroad, Mussleman went on trapping and studying the game where he and the wild things matched wits for the scalps and cloaks which the wild things wore. Though his traps wouldn't hold the outlaw chief, he caught and collected on six other wolves, and as to bob-cats and coyotes, he brought in their pelts by the pack-loads.

"Yet living with these creatures, and studying and knowing their ways, he hated to destroy them at all, and when he found a harmless animal struggling in the cruel jaws of his trap, he gave his ready pity, full reign to set it free. Even of skunks he said, "I always let 'em go if they ain't too light on the trigger." He knocked the ants off the wood before putting it in his fire. Perhaps as true a shot as ever entered San Juan, he rejoiced in the life and liberty of flying and creeping things, and when riding in a car after night from Blanding to Monticello, complimented the driver on turning slightly to miss a trembling mouse which stopped confused in the glaring headlight before them.

"Big-Foot" defied all comers, making his rounds with unfailing destruction, and announcing in hoarse tones on the night air of the wilderness, his grief, his anger, and his determination to live for revenge. The wolf-way of hamstringing its victim, and then tearing the helpless creature's jugular, was too mild for him: rushing to it, he reached its entrails with one terrible thrust, and feasted on their fat while the terrified animal ran bellowing frantically after its mates. His bite meant death to any cow, and many a fat carcass showed but a few green teeth marks as evidence against him.

Two females, widowed by Roy's traps, followed and fawned after the wolf king in vain. His mate was dead; she who plunged with him into the floating ice of the Dolores could never be replaced. All this and more was plain to Mussleman, and harking by his lone camp-fire to the cry from hill or canyon, he understood the tone of woe, and admired the generalship of his splendid antagonist. The thought that their contest must be to the death, was the worst feature of the game.

"Big-Foot" killed something every day, a yearling, a two-year-old, and sometimes a grown cow, but always the fattest animal in the bunch. Yet he deigned to eat but once from the carcass, however fine its quality, leaving the rest for the avaricious pack of coyotes following always at a safe distance behind him. He hated them as he hated all else, and when in saucy banter they mocked the tones of his grief and loneliness,

the wrath in his roar echoed far away in the night. If he found them caught in traps, he settled his long fangs in their bowels, he broke their legs, he shook them in fury till their necks came loose at the socket.

Mussleman depended no more on number four traps to hold the old chief, but ordering a set of ponderous size weighing nine pounds each, he began again matching wits in the wonderful game.

One of these traps caught a wild cow, and she struggled forward with blood in her eye to meet him when he appeared. Having no rope, but being all his name suggests in spite of his size, he took her by the nose and the horns and twisted her head till she fell, but when he tried to open the great steel jaws she sprang up, and, quoting his words, they "went round and round!" He threw her twice after that, and tied her feet with a pair of horse hobbles while he removed the huge trap. Once free, though with the hobbles still buckled on one foot, she sprang up again and made matters more interesting than before. Fearing she would get caught somewhere and die, he shot the strap from her ankle with his rifle.

That was in March, 1920. He was camped on the ridge, and the line of his big traps lay across the Slickhorn country, where the lone king had been making his way eastward from Grand Gulch. But his other traps, at different places and far away, sometimes claimed his attention three or four days at a time.

On the twenty-fourth the old monarch approached the trap line, traveling parallel with the trail, but never placing in it his wary feet. When he caught a suggestive scent he turned from his course to a harmless looking bush, still safely three feet from the beaten track. It was a careless moment, a moment when sorrow and trial had weakened his wondrous vigilance.

Up from the innocent dust jumped the great steel jaws, gripping his brawny ankle in a savage vise. With a snarl of anger and pain he sprang from the place, expecting to drag his clog till it caught, and then wrench himself free as before. It was staked solid. At the end of the chain he came to a sudden and painful stop with the ugly thing biting harder than ever. He settled his powerful jaws on it, only to chip his white fangs and cut his foaming lips. With the whole sum of his angry force at a focus he bolted as from captivity, to be hurled violently on the ground. He struck at the steel thing, he uttered the most awful imprecation known to his fierce nature, and painted it from end to end with his hot blood. Night came on, and day, and night again, and yet he fought and growled in desperation, thrusting his raw lips and lacerated tongue against the sharp edges of his unrelenting shackles, and the faint

sound of his hoarse voice echoed away to the saucy banter of his coyote following.

On the twenty-eighth, when Mussleman appeared, a lone speck on the distant hill, two great eagles perched on a gray carcass where his trap was set. Some strange instinct of nature had brought these kings of the air to brood over this dead king of the hills.

"I was mighty glad he was dead," Roy affirmed, in telling about it. "I sure dreaded the thought of killing him; too much like killing somebody, when you've heard his story enough to know and like it."

The hide measured eight feet. With his massive skull and powerful jaws, he could have broken a man's neck at one stroke. His teeth, indicating his age as sixteen years, were still apt instruments of terrible execution, in spite of his last hard fight with the trap!

*Monticello, Utah*

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## Try

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Are there days that seem to be  
So dull and drear, 'tis hard to see  
A bit of joy about you?  
And do you sometimes feel that life  
Is just a round of toil and strife  
Without a single blessing?

You might think the hours lag  
And every effort helps to drag  
You further from your goal,  
But don't give up and stop too soon,  
For surely as the flowers bloom,  
You can be triumphant.

When you think you're down and out,  
Just stir yourself, and be about  
The task that seems impending;  
And 'twill follow, as day the night,  
You'll find that you're a man of might  
In spite of all your worrying.

You'll find it best to live to do,  
To love, and give, and surely you  
Can satisfy your longings.  
Remember that life's treasures lie  
Along the road of I-will-try,  
Where happy work folks travel.

*Ezra J. Poulsen.*



# Jim's Test

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*By Elsie C. Carroll*

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"Of course you realize what your position means?" the supervisor said, looking searchingly into Jim's face. "You are not merely an employee of the government; you are also an officer of the law." Jim nodded slowly.

"Yes, I think I understand."

"You may have had the idea," the forest supervisor continued, "that your chief duty as ranger would be to guard the forest from fires. But in this district at the present time, that seems to be the least of our worries. The game preserve gives us a little work and trouble; but our biggest problem here just now is with the sheep and cattlemen. Perhaps you know as well as I how these men who have been running their herds over the whole of creation for so long, feel about the new restriction. They look upon the forest service as their natural enemy and we've been having considerable trouble as you may guess. The trouble would be easily done away with if I could get loyal men into the service. Too many of them are in sympathy with the sheep and cattle men, and will not report conditions as they should. I'd much prefer to take local men into the service if I can get them, because they understand conditions and could be much more valuable than strangers. But there's my trouble. You understand why Judsen was fired, I suppose? I discovered that he was permitting over two thousand head or more cattle on his district than should be there. It was because old man Jarvis was a special friend I suppose, and he let his sympathies shut out his sense of duty."

"I think you can trust me, sir," Jim said gravely.

"I hope so, my lad. I'm in sore need of men who can be trusted." His appointment as forest ranger seemed a big thing to Jim Sanford. Since he was seventeen he had helped in his father's store, but he had never liked the work. He had always envied the cow-puncher, and shepherd—anyone whose life was lived in the great out-of-doors.

On his twenty-first birthday his father had talked with him about his future and learning for the first time the boy's dislike for indoor work, he had set him free to try to find employment that appealed to him. About that time, Jim had seen a notice of a Forest Service examination. He had taken it, passed, and now had received his appointment.

"Ninety dollars a month!" That seemed a wonderful salary to Jim. He had never drawn a regular salary at the store. "Ninety dollars!" He knew that at one time in his father's life he had clerked for thirty-five.

He threw back his head and held his shoulders high as he left the forest office and swung down the street. He would run in and tell Mae the good news, then he must hurry home and get ready. He was to go to his district that very afternoon with the supervisor.

"It is perfectly splendid!" Mae had declared enthusiastically, when he had reported. "Of course I knew you'd get it, though. Which is your range?"

"I'm to have the Lone Spring District."

"Good, good! Why, Jim that is where Dad is going to have his sheep this summer. He got his permits today. They'll be moving the sheep out next week, and what do you think, Dad says if I can coax Aunt Sarah to go, that I may go out and stay as long as I want to. He'll have the old cabin at the saw mill fixed up for us. You know how crazy I am about the mountain—just like you have always been."

Jim's face beamed. He and Mae had been chums ever since they were little tots in the beginners' grade at school. Of late Jim was becoming aware of a change in his attitude toward the girl, which made him both happy and miserable. Mr. Mathison, Mae's father, was one of the biggest sheep men in the county. Jim had always felt just a little in awe of him, and the prospect of him on his range was only outbalanced by the thought that it would bring Mae to the mountain and that he could sometimes see her.

All the way out to the mountain that afternoon, as they passed from the familiar dusty roads of the towns, out over the desert, then up, up into the cool green of the great Kiabab, Jim's pulses thrilled with joyous wonder at the greatness of nature about him. The two men talked little; each seemed absorbed in his own thoughts. But as they left the towns farther and farther behind, Jim noticed a relaxation in his chief's worried countenance. It only returned when they drew near the Big Gulch Station where they stopped for supper.

Sam Walker had charge of the Big Gulch Range. Sam had been a ranger for fifteen years and Jim had heard that he had no use for the new supervisor. Jim could guess why. Mr. Norton was not of the go-easy type Mr. Davis, his predecessor had been. Under old man Davis' regime it had been popularly understood that about all that was required of forest rangers was that they draw their checks once a month.

"Well, Walker, how's everything?" the supervisor inquired as he brought in the supplies Sam had sent for.

"All right," Sam grunted as he busied himself a little grudgingly at preparing supper for his guests.

"Any more suspicious looking gamesters?" the chief continued.

"Nope."

"Has Barclay come up with his sheep yet?"

"Yes. Saturday." Jim couldn't help noticing Sam's curt replies.

"I suppose he had only his allotted number?"

"Said he had." Jim saw the lips of the supervisor tighten, but he asked no more questions. They were soon riding on towards Jim's destination.

The ranger's cabin Jim was to have for his headquarters stood in a small ravine once densely clad with firs. A few years before, however, a large clearing had been made when Bill Preston had been ranger on that district. Bill had had his family out there for several summers and had raised a garden. Jim could see the garden plot behind the cabin as they rode into the clearing. Some volunteer potatoes were already showing green on the red-brown surface. It made the place seem more homelike.

"You have the nicest location on the whole forest," observed the supervisor. "You've been here before I suppose?"

"Yes, I've been on the mountain several times—to the Grand Canyon you know, and a few years ago I spent three weeks out here with my cousin—riding the range for cattle. I like the mountain better than any thing I know. There's something about the place like this that's different to town. It's so—big and free—and—"

"I know just how you feel, lad," returned Mr. Norton appreciatively. "That's one reason I made this the choice in my profession. It sort of gets hold of a fellow—God's great out-of-doors—and makes him want to be big and great himself. At least that is the way it affects me. It makes me feel that I have to be straight—but—well it doesn't seem to work on every one that way." Jim noticed that stern worried look again creep into Mr. Norton's face.

That evening by the light of a coal-oil lamp, the two went over the maps of the range together and Jim's duties were explicitly outlined for him. The next morning they arose as soon as it was light and rode over the boundaries of the section. About nine o'clock they returned to the cabin and had breakfast, then the supervisor bade Jim goodby and rode away.

Jim's work was the kind that he had always longed for. Every day he was to ride eight hours looking over some part of the range. Each day except Sunday he was to ascend the observation tower located a couple of miles from the station

to look out for possible fires. Then there were his reports to make—the number of cattle and sheep in his district to be kept, the condition of the feed, the timber and so on.

A ranger's life is not a lonely one, as might be supposed. Scarcely a day passes that someone does not come to the station—a neighboring ranger, a bunch of cow-punchers, a sheep-herder, or camp-rustler or, on the Kiabab Forest at least, a crowd of tourists on their way to the Grand Canyon.

A few days after Jim had become located, he returned from his circuit one afternoon to find Tom Parkin of the Blue Ridge range, in the cabin preparing supper.

"Hello, Jim," greeted the guest. "Heard you were here, so thought I'd drop in and surprise you. How do you like your job?"

"Fine! It's just what I've always wanted."

"Oh, you'll change your tune before long. Wait till old Norton gets to nosing around. I'm about ready to throw up the sponge and so are most of the other fellows that he hasn't fired."

"Why, I like Mr. Norton first class what I've seen of him," observed Jim. "What's the matter anyway, Tom?"

"Matter? Why, he thinks he owns this whole Kiabab himself and that the people who have lived around here always and felt that this mountain belonged to them, aren't fit to wipe his feet on. Did you hear about his firing Sam Walker the other day? Why, old Sam's been on this job ever since the forest was first made a National Reserve. He knows the mountain from a to izzard. Anyone but a bone-head would know he was a man worth keeping."

"What did he fire Sam for?"

"I've heard different reports. Likely as not, just because he could smell a little jerky somewheres around."

"Well, Sam must have broken the law in some way."

"Damn the law!" There's plenty of game and there's plenty of feed: ten times more of both than there's any need of reserving. Old Norton just wants to show his authority. They've never had any trouble before over a few deer or a few more than the assigned number of cattle and sheep being brought up."

"I believe Mr. Norton only wants to do his duty; but he finds it pretty hard when his men feel like most of you seem to. I like him and I feel mighty sorry for him."

"That sounds fine, sonny, stick up for the boss and maybe you'll get a plum when promotion day comes. But you'll have a different story when you've been out a few months. By the way, Mae Mathison's Dad is on your range, isn't he? Now just suppose old man Mathison should bring up a few hundred



head more sheep than his permit specified—they all do it you know, or always have done it. Now just what would you do?"

"I'd do my duty, of course," Jim said doggedly, but his face flushed and Tom saw that he had touched a sensitive chord.

"Oh well, I don't want to quarrel," laughed Tom. "I came over to hear about town. Come on; supper is ready. We can eat and talk at the same time."

A few days later the supervisor sent Jim a copy of Mr. Mathison's permit and told him they would bring the sheep onto the reserve Friday afternoon and that he should be on the northeast corner of the Mathison district to count them in. This news set Jim in a happy mood, for he remembered Mae's half-promise to come to the mountain when they brought up the sheep. He spent the intervening days cleaning up his cabin and premises when he was off duty. One evening he rode over to the saw-mill site and found that there had been some fixing up of the cabin, so his hopes were higher still.

On Friday as he rode toward the receiving point, he was thinking of Mae rather than of the new duty awaiting him. Strangely enough Tom Parkins' disconcerting words did not once occur to him. Soon after Jim's arrival, he heard the bleating of the approaching herd as they came nearer over the timbered ridges. Presently the head of the herd came in sight and he rode out to help round them in. Alex Drew, Mr. Mathison's herder, and Hal Blake, his camp-rustler, were both with the sheep.

"Hello, Jim," called Hal as the ranger drew nearer. "I guess you got our permits all right? Don't suppose you'll bother to count, will you. They're about all in and so are we. Mr. Mathison is anxious for us to get over to our first camping ground tonight." Jim looked blankly at the speaker.

"Why, of course we'll have to count them, Hal. That's what I'm here for."

"Ah, you're a new hand, Jim. They never bother to count. I've brought this herd up for the last four years and they've never been run through yet." Jim's shoulders straightened.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Hal, but they'll have to be counted today. Where's Mr. Mathison?"

"He's back with the sheep wagon," grunted Hal, after relieving his feelings with an oath. Then with a sudden hope he added: "By the way, you may be interested to know that his daughter and sister are along." He gave Alex a wise wink and they both grinned at Jim's discomfiture. "Maybe that will change your mind about the count."

"Not in the least," said Jim with dignity. "I don't doubt that it is unnecessary to count, but that is part of my work."

Other sheep men might "fudge" on the government, but he couldn't think it of Mac's father.

"Well, you won't be so keen after the work when you've been on a while," observed Hal disgustedly, as he turned to steer in the herd.

The sheep were run through as rapidly as possible and to Jim's surprise and dismay there were two hundred and fifty head more than specified. He looked at the permit to see if he had not been mistaken in the number; but no. Not until then did he remember Tom Parkins' intimation, and his face became troubled.

"Well, run these extras back a little way, then you fellows can take the herd on," he said at last. His companions had not seemed to be aware that anything was wrong.

"You're not going to hold us up on a measly little fudge like that, are you?" asked Hal with an oath.

"You may take your allotted number onto the reserve but not another one," replied Jim, grimly. "I'll ride back and see Mr. Mathison. He dreaded that interview more than anything he had ever had to do before. If it were anyone in the world but Mac's father, and if Mae had only not come. All the joyous anticipation of the hours before suddenly vanished. He rode on to his fate it seemed, in utter misery.

But after a while other thoughts came into his mind. Two hundred and fifty sheep were not many, as Hal had suggested. And there was plenty of feed. He felt sure that Mr. Norton would take his word on the count. Ever since that day they had come out together there had been a sort of sympathy between them. Why say anything about it? He had just reached the top of Pine Ridge. Before him the forest stretched in great cool, green waves, and the sun in the west made the red-brown cliffs of the mountain glow with resplendent hue. Jim felt that he would never cease to be thrilled by such scenes. He caught his breath now and drew in his reins until his horse was barely moving. Every new aspect of the mountain was a new miracle to him. He almost worshiped this great silent grandeur. That was the bond of fellowship between himself and his chief. Mr. Norton's grave troubled face seemed to rise before him now and he recalled the words of that other day when they had viewed a scene like this together: "It sort of gets hold of a fellow—God's great out-of-doors and makes him want to be big and great himself. It makes me feel that I have to be—straight." Jim flushed as he recalled the thoughts which had just been passing through his mind. A change came over him. No! He must do his duty no matter what Mr. Mathison thought—no matter what Mae thought of him.

Just then he caught a red gleam in the road ahead. It was

the silk tie on Mae's khaki middy. She was riding toward him ahead of the sheep-wagon. Soon he heard her clear, happy call of greeting and saw her hand fluttering above her broad brimmed hat. With mingled emotions which made him wretchedly miserable, he galloped to meet her.

"Oh, isn't it wonderful! I'd like to stay always and always out here," she exclaimed, giving her arms a wide sweep. "And Dad says I can stay as long as I can coax Aunt Sarah to stay with me. You'll be awfully nice to her, and get needles for a pine pillow so she can sleep well, and everything, won't you?" Not until then did she notice anything wrong in his countenance. "Why, Jim, what's the matter? You look as glum as a judge, and I thought you'd be tickled to death to see me. I don't believe you've said a word."

"You haven't given me a chance." He tried to laugh lightly. "I am tickled to death to see you—but I've got to hurry back and see your father a minute now. You ride on and I'll catch you." He didn't want Mae present at the coming interview, if he could possibly prevent it.

*(To be continued)*

## Looking Towards the West

They are looking toward the West  
With its majesty of mountains,  
Hoary heights that silent stand  
Like those prophets who of old,  
Hearkened to their Lord's command.

They are looking toward the West,  
As a watchful, marooned seaman,  
Sighting an approaching sail,  
Shadeth with his hand his eyes,  
Lest his vision dim or fail.

They are looking toward the West,  
With its broad and benign bosom,  
Pulsing rapidly and rife  
With each new and daring emprise,  
Reboant with virile life.

They are looking toward the West  
With its promises of treasure,  
Unmined wealth of countless worth,  
Fields that Cere's hands have blessed  
With affluence of the earth.

They are looking toward the West  
Where man, forth to man as brother,  
Eager, helpful hands has held,  
With a fervent strength of purpose,  
Bands beneficent to weld.

*Grace Ingles Frost*

# Some Cliff Dwellers of Today

*By J. Cecil Alter, Meteorologist, U. S. Department Agriculture,  
Weather Bureau*

Stealthily the Indian lad slipped through the garden fence, his blouse bulging with cantaloupes and corn; and timing his movements so as to arrive at the clothes line as the hay men were reaching the barn, he made a grab and a run for the gate. That evening one of Bishop Kumen Jones' best shirts was missing, and likewise a dusty Ute.

"Get that shirt for me or I'll give you a terrible whipping," warned the bishop next morning as the youth loafed back into town from the Indian camp up the canyon in the comfortable consciousness that his pilfering had been forgotten. Realizing the bishop's seriousness, the bronzed boy disappeared and then promptly returned with the shirt, and a request for a dime as a reward.

Only a few days previously a choice heifer disappeared from the town herd, and the sign of fresh beef had subsequently been seen at an Indian domicile up Butler Wash, an event the like of which has pestered the settlers along the San Juan every little while for several years. It is in this general way that the 60 or 75 Indians on the San Juan have gained their livelihood to the especial irritation of the 12 or 15 white families in the town of Bluff and its neighborhood.

These Indians off the reservation are fairly good eaters, as opportunity arises, and usually wear sufficient clothing of rather wide variety and style, yet they are decidedly poor workers and persist in having no visible means of support, except when caught in the act; nevertheless, they are, in effect practically beyond the restraint of county, state, or national law.

Many of them are actually too lazy to steal, and a few pretend to be too friendly with the whites, according to the bishop, who has had about as much dealing with the Indians in his forty-one years at Bluff as with the whites.

"Some of them can be induced to work for us, and in this way they learn to do a great many things, and seem to develop considerable character," continued Bishop Jones. "They seem to come to like a decent meal and a clean bed, and make fairly good use of the money they earn. But a few mischievous, uncontrolled boys and young men with nothing to do but get into trouble, go on a spree periodically and pillage shamefully through the settlements."

"The older Indians among them will protest their own in-





*The town of Bluff, Utah, and the San Juan river, viewed from the sheltering sandstone cliff wall. The original settlement in San Juan county, still coveted by the Indians.*

*The rugged side wall of a cedar-clad canyon tributary to the San Juan, showing in the shadowy central portion, cliff dweller's crevice.*

*Interior view of crevice in cliff wall shown in center picture, showing masonry caches or cupboards in upper right.*

nocence, their friendliness, and their inability to manage their offspring; yet we find these apologizers pouncing greedily onto the plunder brought in by the marauders, eating the food with great relish, and disporting themselves in the stolen clothing with apparent satisfaction, making no effort at restoration."

The Navajo Indians on the reservation across the river to the south are comparatively industrious at rug and basket making and at a semblance of agriculture and stock raising; and even the Utes and Piutes, who submit to the agency influence, and especially those who go through the Shiprock, New Mexico, Indian school, become clothed in new garments and new minds. The influence on them is very good, and often very great; so great and so good, indeed, that their unregistered, wandering brethren of the San Juan bottoms and canyon cliff holes, spurn it like the primitive animals shun domesticity as being an intolerable condition, at least in contemplation.

The white settlers have made repeated efforts, and entreaties with the authorities, to have all the thieving canyon infesting, ungoverned Indians herded into the reservation, where they can be forced to acquire more desirable habits, and secure legitimate food, clothing, shelter and secure some education; and to have the few wanderlusts who are registered, better looked after.

While this modern cliff dweller is a thorn in the white man's flesh, speaking contrarywise, the white man is a thorn in the soft flesh of the Indian for he is alleged to have usurped the happy hunting grounds of the Indians, according to the Red Man's traditions. Hence threats have been frequently made by these unorganized Indian families to drive the whites out of the San Juan bottoms and reclaim the town of Bluff for their own gain.

Meanwhile the Indians live up in the cooler canyons, in the caves and cliff holes, in summer; and in winter they find their way back to the San Juan river bottoms where it is warmer and rustling is more profitable. This migration is not an arduous feat, as the squaws carry most of their belongings on their backs, and ponies of doubtful ownership bring in the rest of what plunder and property may be on hand at moving time.

Presumably, this is much the same migratory process of living as was followed by their predecessors of the cliffs, and undoubtedly the present day cliff dweller has much the same lack of halo, grandeur, and thrill about his general existence, as did his predecessor. Though indeed the Moqui (Moki or Oaribi) who are assumed to be the original cliff dwellers in these canyons, actually made the cliff crevices and shelves more or less habitable, which is far more than the present Utes have done.

Indeed, these cliff dwellers of today are far more entitled

to the caressing hand of civilization than were the original Indians who had learned by tribal traditions to care for themselves after a fashion. These Indians, with few exceptions, are simply ignorant and unrestrained without traditions or hopes of value; and being aborigines, are not within the provisions of the truant or poorhouse laws of the country or state, nor of the laws requiring a reasonable effort at making a legitimate livelihood. What is apparently the only avenue open for their control, is through appropriations, facilities, and determination to herd them within the regular Indian reservation and keep them within its care rigidly, regardless of the Indians' protestations of their so-called freedom to do as they wish.

The archaeologist has dug around among the cadaver-carrying cliffs for years making much more ado over a few distorted carcasses of a vanished generation than his compeers seem able to make over a whole canyon full of live Indians. The living cliff dweller needs the helping hand of the white man, the hand which, if necessary will thrust him forcibly into a better way, though it be greatly against his will, just as the white man does with the recalcitrant members of his own race, for their mutual good. As it is, these Indians are losing all that is interesting and worthy even in their own tribal customs and activities, and are degenerating as rapidly as human appetite and passion can deteriorate.



*Bishop Kumen Jones and wife, Mary Jones, of Bluff, Utah, who have dealt intimately and successfully with the Indians of the Utah-Arizona-Colorado-New Mexico border region for 40 years.*



## Just a Few Words on Evolution

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[A recent article in the *Era* by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith has brought forth some remarks on the subject by a correspondent in New York, from whose letter we quote the following as worthy of note. *Editors.*]

If we start with a definition of the word "evolution," we will discover that it is the antonym of the word, "involution." That is to say, it signifies, in all common connection, the "working out" of an involved, or potential inwardness. Thus, the production of a perfect bird, within the time of a very few weeks, from the (apparently) homogeneous mass of the egg yolk is to be attributed to the fact that the developed, completed, heterogeneous creature, the bird *in esse* always really existed, as philosophers say, *in posse*, in the form of the numerically conceivable equivalents concealed in the primal germ.

This condition of existence *in posse* of an animal or vegetable organism is comparable, and in a way analogous, to the very real existence of the musical composition on the "record" of the phonograph or graphophone. Of course, armed even with a powerful microscope, you or I could discern on this "record" no more than irregular scratches, etc., whose irregularity may be graphically expressed by the use of some delicate instrument capable of inscribing a smoked card, or guiding a pen, after the manner familiar in the automatic recording barometers, so familiar in weather stations, or scientific laboratories.

That potential existence—for this world—may mean actual existence for some other conceivable world, is an idea that has appeared throughout the history of thought, and which is embodied in the most exact speculations of advanced modern scientists (see, for example, the calculations of Prof. Earnstein, etc). In fact, science leads direct, not to say, immediately, right away, inevitably, to the conclusion that the things apparent in this world, and this world itself, are a very small portion of the total universe. Thus, for example, I, as an individual man, know myself as existing in the forms of this world and thinking and acting according to its terms, and within its limitations, yet my mind, constrained as it is to accept the logical doctrine of cause and effect, is bound to recognize that the being called "myself," which is now a man, must have existed *in posse*—whatever you may understand by that term as applied to a human being—from all eternity. If I am the finished product of a long line of causation, the string of causes which have, for this world, at least, culminated in pro-



ducing "me" must, if I am consistently observant of logical necessities, have reached back to so immensely indefinite a past that I cannot conceive of a logical alternative to the proposition that my present existence has always been involved in the constitution of creation. Thus God who "alone inhabits eternity," as we are told, sees the real in every potential, and knows each of us, as he said to the ancient prophet before any of us was yet *in utero* or even *in ovo*. Just as in the material thing, the phonograph record, the sound effect, the musical composition, awaits only the proper conditions (that is within the instrument) to appear in the world of sound, so the potential actualities that are involved in the causation of all creation contain the sufficient potency to produce every material effect, each in its own order.

Advocates of the "evolution hypothesis" are misled by the fact that, as seems fairly evident on observation, there is a nearly unlimited possibility—even actuality—of variation in organic forms. None of them is entirely permanent, and all may be modified through a wide range, as is to be seen in the researches of biologists and in the achievements of Mr. Burbank and others. The advocates of the theory of descent argue, therefore, that, admitting the unlimited (apparently) possibility of variation of form, we have a fact that argues direct to the notion that all forms come, by the process of natural descent, from original proto-primal, simple organisms, in the universal sense through a process analogous to the development of the complete bird from the yolk of the egg. In making this generalization, however, they ignore three very pertinent conditions that are unescapably evident to any candid and informed mind, interested to assess facts for their evidential value, and not to force them into evidence for support of a preassumed hypothesis.

These facts are (1) that virtually all the data that go to create a presumption of variation of form in nature consist precisely in apparent atrophies or hypertrophies of previously existent structures, for no very intelligible end in utility, and, if eventuating through natural descent, by the activity of causes entirely obscure to our reason, and most, if not all of them, without significance to any assumed process by which the primordial "homogeneous" passes into the present "heterogeneous," according to the definition of Herbert Spencer. Thus, if we assume that the present one-toed horse is descended from an ancient five-toes ancestor; that the large-horned *Dinotherium* descended from apparently hornless, hog-like forebears, or that the elephant with his trunk and tusks descended from a primal parent having only a very rudimentary suggestion of either

structure, we have admitted these facts, and no more. We have no logical clue to any theory to account for the original appearance, or use, of any of the structures, either atrophied or hypertrophied in descent, nor any clue to an analogy for the variation by either atrophy or hypertrophy of more vital and typical organs and structures.

Evolution theorists forget also (2) that, while very many such apparent structures as those noted above eventuated, according to the terms of their hypothesis, for no assignable, often, also, for no intelligible, reason, there are others that seem to be due, if "evolution" is a true explanation, or, rather, if they are to be accounted for on the hypothesis of variations, in order to adapt an organism to new and insistent modes of life, or new adventitious environments. Thus, as is claimed, ancient plesiosaurs and ichthyosaurs, related, apparently, to land-dwelling reptile forms, later became aquatic, or pelagic, in habit, and took in pisciform bodies, with modifications of other organs and limbs. But, if such pisciform reptiles are to be regarded as products of variation in the line of natural descent, the variations which they embody evidences mere potentiality to adjustment, and lend no clue, except by remote analogies, to the development of one distinct type from another. Thus, although we may admit, if only "for the sake of argument," that these ancient reptiles, and some other forms apparently adapted to new environments, by taking on new forms, suggestive of creatures of entirely distinct character, the modification is only apparent and superficial. No pisciform reptile has ever gone further than the mere outward form to an approximation to the essential and distinctive characteristics of true fishes. The hypothesis of descent involves, according to its advocates, that all animal forms, terrestrial as well as aquatic, have been derived from fish-ancestors. They attempt to bolster their supposition by citing the fact that certain eccentric types of fishes have the faculty of crawling on shore by using their air-bladders as a means of respiration on land, thus suggesting a method by which true air-breathing lungs must have been originated through natural descent. They may be right for all that I can say to the contrary, but I can assert most positively that they have furnished no evidence that they are right, except on the bases of the most remote analogies, leading to a consideration of what, conceivably, if other things are equal, "*might have taken place.*" This is not evidence. It is merely the citation of a few facts of the most "circumstantial" bearing, leading to the contemplation of an apparent possibility. We may even admit that certain originally water-breathing creatures *might*, for all that we can say to the contrary, have contracted a tendency to land-dwelling, and that they *might*, for all that we can say to the contrary, have devel-

oped true lungs from air-bladders, in the course of a long series of changes wrought in the process of natural descent. What of it? We have no notion whatever of the intermediate, but highly necessary, steps in the process; no intelligible conception of a reason or explanation for the origination of so important and radical a change in life habits; no evidence, apart from a few extremely sporadic and eccentric types, familiar to biologists, that there ever was any such tendency, or that it could ever go further than to allow an air-bladder to discharge a temporary and quite secondary function, which is impossible to all but a hopelessly few real water-dwellers; and no evidence, apart from remotest possible analogy, enforced by suppositions of ingenious minds, that any such variations, modifications or changes ever took place on earth. The hypothesis of descent demands, as its advocates conceive it, that such a transition in life and habit must have occurred. Consequently, the few sporadic cases of crawling fish assume, for their minds, the significance of relevant evidence.

Evolution advocates further ignore the fact (3) that, while, as may be admitted, there are numerous fairly good presumptive evidences of very great variations in nature, such as in the case of horses, dinotheres, elephants, etc., as noted above, all such variations are variations of specific forms merely, and that there is no evidence whatever for any transmutations between types of living things. Thus, they elaborate their claims for the derivation of land-dwellers from water-dwellers, utterly oblivious of the fact that the necessary changes to adapt the one to the life of the other must have been immensely more radical than the mere transformation of function in an air-bladder. Similarly, when they attempt to trace the "genealogy" of reptiles from amphibia, or of mammals from reptiles, they deliberately ignore—or, in their purblind enthusiasm, commit the logical blunder of a crass amateur in logic, of forgetting considerations as important as those which they remember—the fact that, in order to postulate the derivation of either type from its assumed antecedent, they must consider modifications far more important than the mere outward form and appearance. As you may readily learn from works on anatomy and biology, amphibians, reptiles, birds, and mammals differ among themselves, not only in appearance, but in anatomical and physiological details immensely more important. They differ mutually in their breathing, digestive, assimilative, nervous and reproductive functions far more than in their outward appearances. If we are to establish a presumption for the accuracy of the evolution "explanation," we must make some effort to account for the transformations, radical ones also, between the types of function as manifested in these really en-

tirely disassociated orders of creatures. Nothing of the kind has as yet been furnished us. Consequently, the entire hypothesis fails, in its ability to create even a presumption that it can explain the gaps between the great orders of life.

Personally, I am not inclined to attempt dogmatizing myself. I do not feel qualified to attempt to decide the matter at all. I know, however, that the "evolution" explanation, as formulated by its foremost advocates, at any rate, does not explain the facts with which it attempts to deal. With all their vast array of data, carefully and laboriously compiled, they can do no more than dogmatize, when dealing with the real problems of their pet hypothesis or obsession. I am convinced, also, that the old-time theory of direct creation, however we may suppose in our imaginations that it operated, explains the facts far more readily, and far more logically, than these notions of a mechanical universe, controlled as supposed by "infrangible laws" which every tyro in biology can perfectly discern and understand.

I am willing to accept any conclusion that cannot be overthrown, or discredited, upon careful examination, even though complete demonstration may still be impossible, but I will not accept anything until I have exhausted every expedient of logic and analysis to find flaws and defects in its armor. Thus, when a man says to me that life itself is merely a manifestation of chemical and electrical activities, I am willing to take the matter up with him, and discuss it on its merits. I am even willing to assume that he *might*, imaginably, be right, although I will not assume even that until he can offer something better than a tottering fragment of a feeble faculty of imagination to support a conclusion that is only logically intelligible, when supported by facts that argue direct to his assumption. Of course, in this particular point, the intelligent mind must recognize that living organisms express and involve many typical electrical and chemical phenomena, but, if such a mind is also entirely candid with itself, it cannot fail to see that, above and behind all such phenomena is a substratum that is not evidently chemically or electrically explainable. The advocate of the mechanical universe may be assumed (if only for the sake of argument) to be right, but he does not know that he is right, and cannot prove that he is right, either by appealing to facts, or using the methods of logic. They cheerfully admit the intelligent agency of the engineer who designed or built a human machine, but grow skeptical, even sarcastic, when one attempts to indicate that the universe machine must have a Designer and Contriver also. But, with all their vain professions of wisdom, in which, as the scripture says, "they become fools," they tacitly assume the very thing which they assume to deny. For they ascribe to creation



the self-sufficiency which belongs properly to the Creator, finding in the work the qualities of the Worker of it all. And their atheism even, is merely an example of the universal human tendency to reach out after the Ultimate. Their work reminds one forcibly of the words of Emerson's poem, Brahma (a poetization of old Indian philosophical thinking):

"They reckon ill who leave me out.  
When me they fly, I am the wings.  
I am the doubter and the doubt;  
And I, the hymn the Brahmin sings."

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## You are Royal-Born

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*By Joseph S. Peery*

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Some will try to make you believe that you came from the snails and the monkeys. That is not so. Snails and monkeys are a different class entirely. You are born royal. God Almighty is your Father. Like begets like. It is natural for children to become like their parents.

The teaching of evolution from monkeys to men destroys faith in God and makes the Bible ridiculous. A certain monkey trainer worked with monkeys for thirty years and could make nothing but monkeys out of them. Monkeys cannot work with tools nor build houses. The missing link has never been found and never will be found. Scientists have recently discovered that when the attempts are made to cross animals, the transfusion of blood is in the end fatal to the animals. It cannot be done. It means death. There can be no mixture of animals. A rabbit remains a rabbit; a cat, a cat; and a monkey, a monkey. So evolution of that kind has been dealt a body blow by recent scientific investigations. How much better and easier to believe the Bible statements of creation.

The first chapter of the Bible says, "God created man in his own image." The Savior teaches us to pray to our Father in heaven, and tells us: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." (Matt. 5:48.) The glorious message of the resurrected Redeemer to Mary shows us our exalted parentage: "Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God." (John 20:17.) The personality of our Father in heaven is mentioned throughout the Old Testament and New

Testament. Paul plainly states in Hebrews 1:3 that the Son is the express image of God's person.

So you are a child of God. You have filled your mission in the spirit world before you came here; and, to a degree, you were true to your Maker in the pre-existent life. In the war in heaven you were on the Lord's side. You came to this life to fill another mission, and a glorious destiny is ahead of you, if you only obey divine law. God is no respecter of persons. Poor or rich, male or female, those who obey the law receive the reward. The Prophet Joseph Smith gives us the splendid axiom, found in Doctrine and Covenants 130:20, 21: "There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated; and when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated."

This life is only one stage of development, one school of experience, and you are just as much in eternity now as you ever will be. In the next life you start where you leave off here—the same individual—and there you will have opportunities to advance and progress eternally, until you also can become divine. That is your glorious privilege; or, as modern inspiration teaches us the wonderful thought, "As man is, God once was; as God is, man may become." If we can only get this thought into our being, there is no stronger incentive for daily right doing and self improvement.

In this eternal progression, we never change our identity nor individuality. In your life and travels so far, you have never seen anyone like yourself, and you never will, throughout all the ages of eternity.

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## How Do You Stand?

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Elder James Gunn McKay, who has presided over the Bristol, London and Norwich conferences since 1915, and whose address is: 152, High Road, South Tottenham, London, N. 15, has prepared a card on which he asks six questions and calls them "the scales" for the purpose of ascertaining one's spiritual standing. He asks that every Latter-day Saint weigh himself once a week and watch the improvement:

1. Do you attend to your prayers night and morning?
2. Do you remember to keep the Sabbath Day holy?
3. Do you attend your sacrament meetings regularly?
4. Do you keep the Word of Wisdom?
5. Do you pay your tithing?
6. Do you attend to your quorum duties?

# "Keep the Commandments"

## The Key-note of the Ninety-first Semi-Annual Conference

*By President Heber J. Grant*

I rejoice again to have the opportunity of meeting with the Latter-day Saints in another general conference. I am very happy to see so many here at this, our opening session. I desire with all my heart that all that I may say during this conference, and all that is said by my associates who speak to you, shall be inspired of the Lord. I am grateful beyond expression for the rich outpourings of the Spirit of the Lord during our conferences that we have held since it fell to my lot to preside over the Church. I am free to confess that I approached our June conference, and the other conferences that have been held here since my presidency, with fear and trembling. When I thought of the wonderful blessings of the Lord in the past at our general conferences and the inspiration to Brigham Young and those who have succeeded him, I desired with all my heart that there should be no falling off in the inspiration of the Lord to those who might address us, and earnestly supplicated him to this effect. And I am indeed grateful for the blessings that we have enjoyed, and I pray that that same blessing, that same rich outpouring of his Spirit may be given to all who shall speak to us during the sessions of this conference.

### A MAGNIFICENT GIFT TO THE CHURCH

I received a letter last night that was very gratifying to me, and before making any remarks, I will read it:

Salt Lake City, Utah, October 7, 1920.

President Heber J. Grant and Council:

Dear brethren: We desire to give to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints our home on Main and First North streets to be used preferably for the women's building, thus housing the three women's organizations, or for such other purpose as may be deemed best.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) A. W. McCune,  
Elizabeth A. C. McCune.

I remarked to one of the wealthy men of our Church, within the last forty-eight hours: "When you come to pass away don't leave all of your property to your family, but give a portion of it as an endowment for some good cause for the advancement of the work of God." I have always regretted that those who have been abundantly blest of the Lord with the wealth of this world have failed to leave a part of it to some of our charitable institutions or our various or-

\*Messages delivered at the opening session of the Conference, Oct. 8, 1920.

ganizations. I believe that where a man is worth a half million dollars or even less, if he were to give a tenth or even a quarter of his means for some charitable purpose in this Church, the remainder that he left to his family would do them more good and they would have greater wisdom in handling it and would accomplish more than though all the wealth had been left to the heirs of the departed man or woman, as the case may be. My heart has gone out in gratitude to the late Matilda M. Barratt for building us the splendid building known as the Barratt Hall, in the days of the adversity and financial hardships of our schools. And I pray God to bless Brother and Sister McCune for this magnificent gift, and to multiply their substance.

#### HISTORICAL EVENTS SINCE APRIL LAST

Since our last conference the following bishops have passed away:

##### Bishops Who Have Died Since April Conference

Norman S. Anderson, Sugarville ward, Deseret stake; Otto J. Poulson, Timpanogos ward, Utah stake.

##### New Stakes Organized Since April Conference

Franklin stake, Samuel W. Parkinson, president; Logan stake, Oliver H. Budge, president; Roosevelt stake, William H. Smart, president; Garfield stake, Charles E. Rowan Jr., president.

##### New Stake Clerks Since April Conference

Oneida stake, Joseph W. Olson; Cache stake, John C. Peterson; Duchesne stake, LeRoy W. Rust; Franklin stake, Jessie P. Rich; Logan stake, John E. Olson; Roosevelt stake, William H. Gagon; Twin Falls stake, Wilford Johanson.

##### New Wards Organized Since April Conference

Manavu ward, Utah stake, Nephi Anderson, bishop; Lost River ward, Lost River stake, Henry N. Mickelson, bishop; Logan Eleventh ward, Cache stake, Hans A. Pederson, bishop; Manassa Second ward, San Luis stake, Silas S. Weimer, bishop; Roosevelt Second ward, Roosevelt stake, David Beunton, bishop; Star ward, Burley stake, Alma C. Tilley, bishop; Payson Third ward, Nebo stake, Leonard A. Hill, bishop; Rupert Second ward, Blaine stake, Richard T. Astle, bishop.

##### Mission Changes (Called But Not Yet in the Field)

Australian mission, Don C. Rushton, president; New Zealand mission, George F. Taylor, president; Swiss mission, Serge F. Ballif, president.

#### THE SPIRIT OF HELPFULNESS

This morning, after coming to my office, I happened to see lying upon my desk the first volume of what is known as *Heart Throbs*. I



had brought it from my home to have a couple of poems copied, several days ago, and as I looked at the book I remembered a poem in it that I decided to read here today: "I shall not pass again this way," is the title. Preceding the poem is the following note:

(For several years before his death, Mr. Daniel S. Ford, the proprietor, editor and builder of the "Youth's Companion," because of delicate health, did his work and managed his mammoth business from a little room in his home in one of the beautiful parks of Boston. When loving hands cleared the plain, but convenient desk, there was found, in a conspicuous place, much worn with frequent handling, the following poem. If the poet had intended to describe Mr. Ford's daily words and actions, he could not have done so in more appropriate language.)

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,  
The water pure that bids the thirsty live;  
I want to help the fainting day by day;  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,  
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears.  
Beauty for ashes may I give away;  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,  
And into angry hearts I want to pour  
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith,  
I want to do all that the Master saith;  
I want to live aright from day to day;  
I'm sure I shall no pass again this way.

I feel that every Latter-day Saint ought to have the same desire as Mr. Ford found expressed in this very beautiful poem. I am sure I have it in my heart this very day, as I stand before you. I feel, as expressed in the Psalms:

Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts:  
And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.—139:23, 24.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.—19:9, 10.

#### PAINED OVER POLITICAL AND FINANCIAL DIFFERENCES

In speaking to a few friends the other day I made some remarks and as my secretary happened to be present to take notes, I decided to read what I said on that occasion:

"I am anxious to see the Latter-day Saints devoted to the work of God above everything else in the world; and I have never been so

pained in my life as I have been during the past few months over the conditions—political, financial, and otherwise—that we find among the people. The spirit of bitterness that seems to exist in the hearts of some true, faithful and honest Latter-day Saints, because of their difference of ideas and opinions on business matters and political matters is very painful to me. I do hope and pray, with all my heart, that the Spirit of the Lord may come to the Latter-day Saints in great abundance; that this spirit of almost hatred and animosity, that seems to be existing today among the people may disappear.”

#### THE LORD'S DEMAND

In section 64:8-13, Doctrine and Covenants, we find the following:

My disciples, in days of old, sought occasion against one another, and forgave not one another in their hearts, and for this evil they were afflicted, and sorely chastened:

Wherefore I say unto you, that ye ought to forgive one another, for he that forgiveth not his brother his trespasses, standeth condemned before the Lord, for there remaineth in him the greater sin.

I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men;

And ye ought to say in your hearts, let God judge between me and thee, and reward thee according to thy deeds.

And he that repenteth not of his sins, and confesseth them not, then ye shall bring him before the Church, and do with him as the Scripture saith unto you, either by commandment or by revelation.

And this ye shall do that God may be glorified, not because ye forgive not, having not compassion, but that ye may be justified in the eyes of the law, that ye may not offend him who is your Lawgiver.

And in section 121:45, 46, we read:

Let thy bowels also be full of charity towards all men, and to the household of faith, and let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly, then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God, and the doctrine of the Priesthood shall distil upon thy soul as the dews from heaven.

The Holy Ghost shall be thy constant companion, and thy sceptre an unchanging sceptre of righteousness and truth, and thy dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, and without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee for ever and ever.

#### ILLUSTRATION FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

I have a very wonderful respect and regard for this quotation from page 240 of the Doctrine and Covenants. Some years ago a prominent man was excommunicated from the Church. He, years later, pleaded for baptism. President John Taylor referred the question of his baptism to the apostles, stating that if they unanimously consented to his baptism, he could be baptized, but that if there was one dissenting vote, he should not be admitted into the Church. As I remember the vote, it was five for baptism and seven against. A year or so later the question came up again and it was eight for bap-

tism and four against. Later it came up again and it was ten for baptism and two against. Finally all of the Council of the Apostles, with the exception of your humble servant, consented that this man be baptized and I was then next to the junior member of the quorum. Later I was in the office of the president and he said:

"Heber, I understand that eleven of the apostles have consented to the baptism of Brother So and So," naming the man, "and that you alone are standing out. How will you feel when you get on the other side and you find that this man has pleaded for baptism and you find that you have perhaps kept him out from entering in with those who have repented of their sins and received some reward?"

I said, "President John Taylor, I can look the Lord squarely in the eye, if he asks me that question, and tell him that I did that which I thought was for the best good of the kingdom. When a man holding the holy Priesthood of God goes forth to proclaim the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, to call the wicked to repentance; goes to proclaim that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and that the gospel has been restored again to the earth, and that man in the mission home of the Church of Christ commits adultery, I can tell the Lord that he had disgraced this Church enough, and that I did not propose to let any such a man come back into the Church."

"Well," said President Taylor, "my boy, that is all right, stay with your convictions, stay right with them."

I said, "President Taylor, your letter said you wanted each one of the apostles to vote the convictions of his heart. If you desire me to surrender the convictions of my heart, I will gladly do it; I will gladly vote for this man to come back, but while I live I never expect to consent, if it is left to my judgment. That man was accused before the apostles several years ago and he stood up and lied and claimed that he was innocent, and the Lord gave to me a testimony that he lied, but I could not condemn him because of that. I got down on my knees that night and prayed God to give me the strength not to expose that man, seeing that he had lied but that we had no evidence, except only the testimony of the girl that he had seduced. And I prayed the Lord that some day additional testimony might come, and it did come, and we then excommunicated him. And when a man can lie to the apostles, and when he can be guilty while proclaiming repentance of sin, I think this Church has been disgraced enough without ever letting him come back into the Church."

"Well," repeated President Taylor, "my boy, don't you vote as long as you live, while you hold those ideas, stay right with them."

#### A CHANGE OF HEART—THE SPIRIT OF FORGIVENESS

I left the president's office. I went home. My lunch was not ready. I was reading the Doctrine and Covenants through for the

third or fourth time systematically, and I had my bookmark in it, but as I picked it up, instead of opening where the bookmark was, it opened to:

I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men; but he that forgiveth not his brother standeth condemned before the Lord.

And I closed the book and said: "If the devil applies for baptism, and claims that he has repented, I will baptize him." After lunch I returned to the office of President Taylor and I said, "President Taylor, I have had a change of heart. One hour ago I said, never while I live, did I expect to ever consent that Brother So and So should be baptized, but I have come to tell you he can be baptized, so far as I am concerned."

President Taylor had a habit, when he was particularly pleased, of sitting up and laughing and shaking his whole body, and he laughed and said, "My boy, the change is very sudden, very sudden. I want to ask you a question. How did you feel when you left here an hour ago? Did you feel like you wanted to hit that man right squarely between the eyes and knock him down?"

I said, "That is just the way I felt."

He said, "How do you feel now?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, President Taylor, I hope the Lord will forgive the sinner."

He said, "You feel happy, don't you, in comparison. You had the spirit of anger, you had the spirit of bitterness in your heart toward that man, because of his sin and because of the disgrace he had brought upon the Church. And now you have the spirit of forgiveness and you really feel happy, don't you?"

And I said, "Yes I do; I felt mean and hateful and now I feel happy."

And he said: "Do you know why I wrote that letter?"

I said: "No, sir."

"Well I wrote it, just so you and some of the younger members of the apostles would learn the lesson that forgiveness is in advance of justice, where there is repentance, and that to have in your heart the spirit of forgiveness and to eliminate from your hearts the spirit of hatred and bitterness, brings peace and joy; that the gospel of Jesus Christ brings joy, peace and happiness to every soul that lives it and follows its teachings."

#### LOVE AND FORGIVENESS

And so he went on. I cannot remember all of the teachings, but he continued in this way, telling me that he could never have given me that experience, that he could not give to me a testimony of the



gospel; that I must receive that testimony for myself; that I must have the right spirit come into my heart and feel it—the spirit of forgiveness, the spirit of long-suffering and charity—before there would any good come to me as an individual; that by simply surrendering my will to his, and voting to baptize this man, I would never have learned the lesson that the spirit of joy and peace comes in the hour of forgiveness, and when our hearts are full of charity and long-suffering to those who have made mistakes. From that day to this I have remembered those teachings.

The Prophet of the Lord said:

My boy, never forget that when you are in the line of your duty your heart will be full of love and forgiveness, even for the repentant sinner, and that when you get out of that straight line of duty and have the determination that what you think is justice and what you think is equity and right should prevail, you oftentimes are anything but happy. You can know the difference between the Spirit of the Lord and the spirit of the adversary, when you find that you are happy and contented, that you love your fellows, that you are anxious for their welfare; and you can tell that you do not have that spirit when you are full of animosity and feel that you would like to knock somebody down.

I am reminded of one of the finest chapters in all the Bible (1 Cor. 13):

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity, suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth:

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

Many people imagine that charity is giving a dollar to somebody; but real, genuine charity is giving love and sympathy, and that is the

kind of charity that the apostle had reference to in this 13th chapter of First Corinthians.

I remember that after that teaching given to me as a young man, as a boy, almost, by the President of the Church, I read this chapter about once a week for quite a while, then once a month for several months. I thought I needed it in my business, so to speak; that it was one of the things that were necessary for my advancement.

I remember that a year ago, here at the conference, I read a very splendid and wonderful song, the half of the first verse of which reads as follows:

Let each man learn to know himself,  
To gain that knowledge let him labor,  
Improve those failings in himself  
That he condemns so in his neighbor.

The whole poem was published in the conference pamphlet. I quoted it some weeks ago, and was asked where one could get a copy, and again last Sunday, when I told some people that they could read it in next Saturday night's *News*. So I shall not take up your time by quoting the whole poem. I also quoted the four short verses from our hymn on page 66, a part of which reads as follows:

Should you feel inclined to censure  
Faults you may in others view,  
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,  
If that has not failings too.

I had not the slightest idea when I quoted these poems, that I would desire to quote from them again today; but in view of the condemnation and the spirit, almost, of animosity, and hate that seems to be manifested by some people among the Latter-day Saints, at the present time, regarding business and political affairs, I desire to emphasize, with all the power of my being, the last verse of that little hymn, on page 66:

Do not form opinions blindly,  
Hastiness to trouble tends,  
Those of whom we thought unkindly  
Oft become our warmest friends.

#### EVERY MAN INNOCENT UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY

There are a great many people who believe that if a person is indicted, he is undoubtedly a criminal. There are very few people who stop to reflect upon the fact that when a Grand Jury finds an indictment against any man, it is seldom, if ever, the case that he is permitted to appear before the Grand Jury, or to have a representative there to state his case. The law itself provides—as I understand it—although I am not a lawyer—that every man shall be considered in-

nocent until such time as he is proved guilty; and no man is guilty, in the true sense of the word, of an offense, just because a Grand Jury finds an indictment against him. In criminal cases a man is to be considered innocent unless the evidence against him shall be so conclusive that there is not even a reasonable doubt as to his guilt. Certainly Latter-day Saints ought to be as liberal in their judgments, as the cold law of the land; and certainly every man ought to be considered innocent in the estimation of the Latter-day Saints—particularly if that man is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and has devoted his life for the up-building of God’s kingdom until such time as he has what is known as “his day in court.” We can afford, I believe, to be as liberal as the cold law itself.

I desire to repeat the last verse of that excellent hymn, which I learned thirty-five or forty years ago, when Francis M. Lyman first sang it for me. I wrote it that very night, and learned it the next day. I would like every Latter-day Saint to apply the teachings of this splendid verse in his or her life, and if we do that I believe we will grow in love and charity; that the spirit of peace and happiness, that President Taylor promised me when I entertained the feeling of determination to keep a man out of the Church, and the spirit of joy and peace which came to me, after the change of heart, will come to Latter-day Saints:

And in self-judgment, if you find  
 Your deeds to others are superior,  
 To you has Providence been kind,  
 As you should be to those inferior.  
 Example sheds a genial ray  
 Of light, which men are apt to borrow,  
 So first improve yourself today  
 And then improve your friends tomorrow.

#### REGRETS THAT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS QUESTION IS IN POLITICS

A year ago, at our conference, I expressed sincerely my regrets that bitterness was being engendered in the hearts of the Latter-day Saints, because what was known as the League of Nations had been injected into politics. I expressed my sincere regrets that this great document should ever have been made a subject for political discussion. I felt that all people in these United States of America should approach the consideration of this great document, independent of party affiliation. I desire to express my regrets that, if anything, it is in politics more today than it was a year ago.

I sincerely regret that what is known as the “sugar question” has been injected into politics, in this State of Utah. I feel in my heart of hearts that it has engendered bitterness, that it has created a great deal of animosity, and I think it is something that ought to have been eliminated from politics, and that all questions of that kind

should be settled by the interested people. I desire, beyond my power to tell, that there shall always be perfect harmony and perfect justice between the farmer and the sugar producer. I desire that all judgments by Latter-day Saints upon the course of men connected with any industry in this state, shall be withheld, at least, until there has been passed a final judgment by a court that has the right to pass upon it.

I wish to say to all Latter-day Saints:

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

#### KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD

I beg every Latter-day Saint to cultivate the spirit of charity, of long-suffering, and brotherly love. I say to all Latter-day Saints: Keep the commandments of God. That is my keynote speech, just those few words: Keep the commandments of God. Read the psalm that tells you not to fret your soul about the sinner. It is a magnificent psalm to read. I thought some of reading it here to this congregation, but I have read so much that I am afraid you will get tired of the reading. Keep the commandments of the Lord. Be honest with God. Never fail to pay an honest tithing to the Lord, on every dollar that comes into your hands. "Oh but," says one, "the Church does not need it." You are right; you are correct. The Church does not need it, but the man who has made covenant with the living God to keep his commandments, and then does not keep them, he needs it. A man who is not honest with the Lord should repent and be honest with the Lord, and then the windows of heaven shall open and God will pour down upon the heads of the Latter-day Saints blessings, if they are financially honest with the Lord. Observe the Word of Wisdom. Never indulge in those things that the Lord God Almighty, the Creator of heaven and earth, has told us are not good for man.

#### CONCLUSION

I rejoice that we have national prohibition. I rejoice that many, even in our own community, who were wrecks financially, almost wrecks spiritually, because of prohibition and the taking away of temptation, are making men of themselves today. I rejoice that prohibition—to my mind the greatest financial and moral blessing that has ever come to humanity—has come to the people of the United States, and I hope and pray that it may soon come to every nation under heaven.

I rejoice that the women have the franchise. I rejoice in all of the great and wonderful advancements that are being made for the



benefit of mankind; and I rejoice, above all things, in a knowledge that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, that Joseph Smith is a prophet of the true and living God; that the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the plan of life and salvation, has been restored to the earth. I rejoice that you and I have a knowledge of that gospel; and oh, may God help us to live it; may he fill our hearts with charity, with love, with forgiveness, with the desire to serve him, and may we in very deed be Latter-day Saints, is my prayer and desire, and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

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## The Man with a Smile

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Did you ever, my friends, meet the man with the smile,  
The dear man who just made you feel life was worth while?  
When you feel kind of lonesome his sweet smile you meet,  
Then your heart feels like bubbles, like fairies your feet.

His sweet wife is the best little wife in the world,  
His bright boys are the best e'er the State's flag unfurled;  
My brain, says he, sometimes it just feels like a sieve,  
But now, honor bright, boys, it's a grand thing to live.

It's a grand thing to live and to hope for the best,  
And maybe I won't fail if I'm put to the test;  
I have not yet arrived where I fain long to be,  
But by constantly striving I'll yet climb the tree.

This dear man with the smile I would have you all meet,  
He's the best thing on earth for us mortals to greet;  
Optimism personified, vision of light,  
He just radiates sunshine from morning till night,

Though the weather-man's mean as he ever can be,  
Though in life's time-worn pathway faint light I can see,  
All my cares simply vanish, are buried the while,  
When I happen to meet with the man with the smile.

May kind heaven watch o'er you, O man with the smile,  
Who on days dark and sombre sweet joystrains beguile,  
Your name on heaven's records must sure be on file,  
May god bless you and keep you, O man with the smile.

*Ogden, Utah*

*Mollie Higginson*

# Vital Problems of Life

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A Study for Advanced Senior Classes of the M. I. A. 1920-21

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## *Lesson VII.—The Developing Power of Responsibility*

*General View.* The greater the responsibility the higher the intelligence, the less the responsibility the lower the intelligence. The first great responsibility is life, its preservation in the individual and the race; the second great responsibility is liberty, its possession, its continuance and its extension; the third great responsibility is happiness, its pursuit and its distribution.

Excess in acceptance of responsibility ends in breakdown, shunning responsibility stultifies growth.

*Individual Aspect.* 1. Strong characters yearn for responsibility. Inclination to have one's own way, to possess things, and to direct others, are forms of yearning for responsibility.

The overhelping of children by parents, the ultrapaternalism of government, arrests the development of individuality, and cuts off the possibility of even normal development.

2. Excessive help is the most disastrous form of hindrance; one would better be left to lose his way than to lose himself in a maze of ultraguidance.

*Carrying responsibility* makes for uprightness of character and length of life.

1. Races which carry heavy loads on their heads are physically straight. "Give him responsibility and watch him grow," a well known adage, to which we might add, "and grow straight." It was the fervent desire of the great educator, Dr. Karl G. Maeser, that he might die in the harness and become a teacher in heaven.

2. Scientific survey goes to show that married men and married women live longer than unmarried men and unmarried women. However this may be it is certainly true that if life be counted by heartthrobs, and not by clock ticks, then married men live incomparably longer than old bachelors, and the life of the woman whose soul shuns maternity is but a span when compared with the life of a mother.

Land-owning, home-making, carry with them the responsi-

bility of taxation and upkeep. But who would change the uplift of these responsibilities for the "care-freeness" of the wandering gypsy, living by hook or crook, the Bohemian job-hunter, getting his pay every night; the hermit wood chopper, who said, "I don't want land, because I'll be taxed."

*Social Aspect.* 1. Social responsibility grows out of individual responsibility. An eminent educator illustrates it thus: Put a stick in a tub of water, turn it persistently in one direction, and all the water in the tub will finally move in the direction of your turning. The steps in producing social responsibility are one person, a few persons, many persons, a majority. A further illustration is, an individual thought, a class sentiment, community law. With these regular steps the progress of responsibility made the long upgrade journey from Francis Willard, to national prohibition; and from Susan B. Anthony's agitation to the 19th amendment to the constitution.

2. Public responsibility is dependent upon individual responsibility for its perpetuity.

Heroism may start a reform, valiancy carry it over into law; but it is left for loyalty to sustain it, and loyalty loves, respects, and defends.

The person who votes on the wrong side makes a mistake, the one who neglects to vote does a wilful wrong; but the one who forgets to vote shows a lack of love for the privilege, for forgetfulness and love are incompatible.

3. Social responsibility in democracies develops leadership.

In a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, the ruler is the mass mind, moving under distributed responsibility. "Every voter a king, and every king a servant."

4. Responsibility makes for the strength of seriousness. Henry Clay, the great compromiser, said, "The subjects of a despot may be unfettered and happy if they can, but a free people must be a thoughtful people."

*The Theological Aspect.* 1. Instructive responsibility is insufficient for man.

2. Instinctive responsibility is felt but not comprehended. The lower creatures have the responsibility of producing, caring for, and defending offspring, but it is not a free-agency responsibility. Nature calls and they must come. She says, "Do this or do that" and they cannot disobey. They operate unerringly under blind impulse; choice is not theirs. They are where Satan's plans would have us all forever. He preferred to save all with life but not one with liberty.

"Freedom and reason make us men,  
 Take these away, what are we then?  
 Mere animals, and just as well,  
 The brutes might think of heaven or hell."

Satan's policy of assuming all responsibility was too much of a monopoly for the intelligences of heaven, and was voted down by us. See "Compendium," Gems, page 288.

3. Premortal acceptance of co-operative responsibility.—He then pressed his autocracy to the point of force, was defeated and banished with his duped adherents. Our elder brother, Jesus, the author of the other plan, assumed nothing more than the joint responsibility with his Father and with us. His policy provided for a distribution of responsibility. He would not arrogate to himself the whole responsibility of saving a single soul.

Each soul must share with him the responsibility of its salvation. He would make them feel that not one could come back, except through liberty.

He'd call, persuade, direct aright,  
 Bless him with wisdom, love and light,  
 In various ways be good and kind,  
 But never force the human mind.

4. He refused to keep spirits in the realm of instinctive responsibility only; they must know the truth, and know that they knew it, and feel the responsibility of that knowledge.

Such a world is not the Christ world else he would not have planned the great campaign of earth life as a struggle in which every soul should share the responsibility of the battle, and receive a share of the victory. Whatever intelligences may have ante-dated man on this earth, the spirit children of our Father refuse to be handicapped in any way that would prevent them from being self-conscious, truth-knowing, duty-doing beings. The uplift of responsibility proclaims against their ever having been an animal type of man.

### *Questions and Problems*

1. What are the three great responsibilities of life?
2. Give instances of the appropriateness of the saying: "Put responsibility on him and watch him grow."
3. Wherein is the responsibility of home-making a superior development agency?
4. Give your personal experience concerning the truth or the fallacy of the statement, that shirking responsibility makes for soul shrinkage.
5. Discuss the effects of neglecting to vote (a) on the individual (b) on society.
6. How has the responsibility brought about by the suffrage movement affected (a) the individual who carried it, (b) the cause that was carried?



7. What three things must each person do to make prohibition a perpetual success?
8. What are the steps by which individual responsibility is developed into social responsibility?
9. Why must a free people be also a thoughtful people?
10. Who shares the responsibility of the success of any work accepted under the call of the Priesthood?

### *Lesson VIII.—The Sustaining Force of Covenants*

All promises are not covenants any more than all untruths are lies, or all mistakes sins. Indulging in pastime promises or careless contracts is a serious form of character slouchiness; it indicates a sort of ethical imbecility and the indulger needs self-help as well as the help of his fellow man and God. The covenant must have behind it thought, sincerity and determination.

Every accountable person is capable of making covenants with himself, with society, and with God.

There is a negative side to the subject of covenants, but it should be treated under the head of the "Chaining Power of Covenants," or covenants for evil which have fittingly been called, "The Devil's Code of Honor."

#### *I. Self-Covenant*

1. Serious self-promise is an index to self-confidence, and self-confidence is something more than self-conceit. To say to self, "I will, and you must" is putting the self in an attitude of integrity posed for advancement. It is the mobilization of inner attention, desire, and will.

There is a wide difference between the self-confidence of the person who says to himself, "I will be sincere," and the person who says, "I want to be sincere."

2. Self-covenant is a reinforcement of the will; once a promise is made the will has a new responsibility placed upon it by the intellect, and is given the task of sustaining the pledge and gains strength through performing the task.

3. Covenant with self is a guard of the better self.

Man is double-natured: he is sensual, carnal, and devilish: he is spiritual, ethical, and divine. These two sets of capabilities and inclinations are in constant conflict, each struggling for supremacy. The experience of Paul that when he would do good evil was present with him is the experience of all. Self-covenant is a sort of sentinel standing in the way of the lower self, and one feels in the presence of his self-covenant like exclaiming, "When I would do evil, good is present with me."

Greed and generosity may grapple with each other, desire may divide her support between them, intellect may be in a state of indecision; the will may be weakening, but when memory points to the self-covenant, the chances are all in favor of victory for generosity. The scouts' code of honor is built upon this psychology.

*Self-Covenant is a Restrainer of Passion.* When the passions of hatred, envy, revenge, or lust, seek by subtility or "on-rush" to devastate the fields of high ideality, every self covenant of righteousness will stand in their way as did the French at the Marne when they exclaimed, "You shall not pass!"

A young man at a conference heard his name presented and saw a sea of hands go up in token of the willingness of a community to accept him as a leader. He said to himself, "Joseph, with the help of God, I will make a better man of you." The self pledge unspoken for years was kept. Good as he was at the time of making this self promise, he became constantly better, and died one of the most beloved of leaders, and the best of men.

## II. Social Covenant

1. *Covenant as a Creator of Confidence.* As the absence of self-covenant would point to a lack of self-confidence, so the absence of social covenant indicates a lack of social confidence. The whole fabric of society is held together by a confidence which grows or withers just in proportion to the existence and keeping of social covenant and in business contracts.

Of the two forms of contract, oral and written, the former furnishes the better field for the growth of confidence. There is a form of security better than that of real estate mortgage; it is the word of honor security of an honest man, adhering to the slogan, "Every man a Regulus." Adherence to the slogan, "Every man a Regulus" would create a condition of confidence which would make written notes and contracts simply memory conveniences.

The young business man who failed in his business enterprise and was advised that he could escape the payment of an account because his creditors had no security and he had no property, said, "They have more than security, they have me or my word, and my word is me to the last ditch." It is needless to say that he met his obligation, and the keeping of his covenant created both self-confidence and social-confidence.

2. *Social Covenant is a Citadel of Safety.* Society is not a unit, it is a unity, and its fundamental unity is created by

the marriage covenant. The marriage covenant lifts and holds humanity above the level of mere mating. The destructiveness of family feuds and devastation of marshaled armies, halt in the presence of peace arguments and national treaties. The world's last great experiment has given evidence that there is more safety behind the pen than behind the sword. Humanity rallied to the cause of covenant-keeping and proved that a promise is more than a scrap of paper. Germany's breaking of a promise meant a break with the world.

3. *Covenant is an Instrument of Progress.* A world covenant of peace should mean a citadel of safety for civilization. The world has progressed in spite of war. Peace progress may be slower but it is the surer way. The great currency system is but a promise-to-pay method of doing business. Left to the purchasing power of the gold of the earth, the wheels of progress would clog before a day passed by.

### III. Divine Covenant

1. *Divine Covenant is an Evidence of Divine Love.* Behind the highest conceivable covenant must exist the highest prompting and that prompting is love. Covenant with God is a link that holds man close to his Maker. Covenant terms place Divinity at the disposal of humanity. God so loved the human family that he gave his only Begotten Son to place that family beyond the power of its enemies. This gift was made, first, to the great dispensator, Adam, then in turn to Enoch, Noah, Abraham, and Moses. And through each of these and other prophets, to the inhabitants of the earth.

His business covenant with Israel teems with a generosity such as comes from parental love. See Malachi 3:10, 11, 12. And that same promise in this day is a proposition of ten to one in our favor.

2. *Divine Covenants are a Means of Proving God's Infalibility.* Perhaps the greatest of God's covenant declarations is recorded in Matt. 24:35. From his first promise in Eden up through the ages his covenants with man have been kept with a certainty that proclaims his dependability. Already in this dispensation twenty-seven or more promises and prophecies recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants have been fulfilled. The predictions of God's prophets have been recognized by him as his word of honor. Covenant with Divinity is an evidence of man's confidence in God as well as in himself. It is related that an eminent educator, not a member of the Church, said of tem-

ple marriages: "If my daughters could marry men whose chastity was as well fortified by sacred covenant as is that of the 'Mormon,' worthy of this temple ordinance, I should feel safe as to the physical inheritance of my grandchildren."

Latter-day Saint covenant-keeping is a process of heaven-making.

Read "Gospel Doctrine," page 132, as matter for the discussion of this topic, also Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 1.

### *Questions and Problems*

1. What is the difference between self-confidence and self-conceit?
2. What is the difference between desire and determination?
3. Name the passions that belong to the better self.
4. Give an example of self-covenant causing the better self to triumph.
5. What is the scout code of honor?
6. Under which heading of this lesson does the following illustration belong: A man said to a mischievous boy, "I feel like thrashing you, and I would do it if I had not promised myself never to strike a child."?
7. Why is the honoring of verbal contract more productive of confidence than the payment of a secured note?
8. What is meant by "Every man a Regulus"?
9. Why would dispensing with social covenants bring civilization to an end?
10. Explain how business panics are caused by a loss of confidence in contracts or business covenants.
11. What must be prompting a stronger person who seeks covenant relations with a weaker one in a manner that always gives the latter the advantage?
12. Quote Matt. 24:35.

### *Lesson IX.—The Driving Power of Duty*

Duty is based upon the idea that something is due. As a mental condition it consists, first, of the conception of obligation; second, the desire to give what is due; third, the determination to execute this desire. It is intellect, conscience, and will rallied for rightcousness. It is conscience ready for action, to drive or hold, impel or sustain. As a part of conduct, duty is the giving of dues. It is the doing of what one believes ought to be **done**.

The Greek philosopher, Pythagoras, wisely claimed that "can" is the measure of "ought." Duty in action is simply carrying one's conscience over into conduct. Duty holds to the doctrine that one is responsible for that which he does not do, which he ought to do.

The caption of this lesson limits the consideration of duty to its driving power. Duty drives after inclination ceases to impel.

Had Lord Nelson depended upon the lure of adventure or



the love of conquest, in his troops, instead of appealing to them with those words, now immortal, "England expects every man to do his duty," the battle of Trafalgar might not have been one of the decisive victories for civilization.

*Duty Drives to Heights Unreachable by Selfish Ambition.* When there were no more worlds to conquer, Alexander wept; when a race was emancipated, Lincoln rejoiced. The one followed the line of ambition, the other was driven by a sense of duty.

Not the lure of adventure, the hope of conquest, nor the expectation of ease led the Pilgrim Fathers to this land of liberty. Behind this great drive of duty the following sentiment was massed: We owe it to ourselves, to our posterity, and to our God, to find a place where we may worship God according to the dictates of our conscience.

*The Driving Power of Duty may be Increased.* The doing of duty increases its driving power. Ethical ideas and good intentions unapplied in the hour of opportunity are as certain to become weaker as a bud is certain to wither that does not blossom at the time and season provided for unfolding. An awakened conscience is not character, it is simply a soul call for character, a promise of character. Character is promise plus payment; and payment is duty. Conscience says, "You owe;" duty says, "I pay."

*The Driving Power of Duty is Affected by Social Standards.* Community toleration of loafing husbands or gadding, gossiping mothers, whose children are left in vagabondage, strikes at the very roots of parental duty. The community assent to a juvenile disregard of parental authority, home regulations, so weakens the driving power of filial duty that habits are formed by the young which in later life are transmitted, in defiance of all civic regulations, and instead of the civilian we have the criminal.

*Publicity Premiums on Duty.* Publicity premiums enhance the driving power of duty. Perhaps no valorous deed was ever performed under an impulse of winning a Carnegie medal; but the fact that such deeds are recognized by conferring a medal brings the duty-side of life into the lime light of attractiveness, and makes of it the capstone of a great temple of ideality. The custom of keeping a dead hero on the company roll and having a comrade answer, "died at his post of duty," made of every soldier who heard it at least a would-be

hero, and so the past hero persists as a present hero and becomes a maker of the future hero.

*The Driving Power of Duty through Legislation.* Legislation in a democracy is an expression of the public conscience, and carries with it the driving force penalizing neglect of duty. It does more; it becomes the greatest community "ought," or the public ethical sentiment becomes crystallized into a force that says what must be done, and the individual "ought" out of harmony with the public conscience must yield. The ethical concept that every man ought to do his share is supplemented by the income-tax law. The ethical conviction that every child should have educational opportunities is reinforced by the provision that children must attend school.

*Literature Affects the Driving Power of Duty.* The driving power of duty can not fail in communities that sing with fervor, "Why should we think to gain a great reward, if we now shun the fight?" "Do what is right, let the consequence follow." Wrapt up in each of the following quotations may be found material for the acceleration of the ethical impulse:

"Stern daughter of the Voice of God!"  
O Duty! if that name thou love  
Who art a light to guide, a rod,  
To check the erring, and reprove;  
Thou, who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe;  
From vain temptations dost set free;  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!"—*Wordsworth*

"A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us."—*Daniel Webster*, Argument on the Murder of Captain White.

"Not once or twice in our island story,  
The Path of Duty was the way to Glory."—*Tennyson*

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When duty whispers low, thou must,  
The youth replies, I can."—*Emerson*

*The Highest Form of Duty Driving Power is Found in Religion.* As recognized religion's obligation is the highest form of conscience, so is religious fervor the greatest accelerator to the driving power of duty. No secondary place as a duty stimulant can be given to the sentiments.

"Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,  
Our God will never us forsake."

"God will protect you, do what is right."

"How can a man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temple of his gods?"

The ideal illustration of this aspect of our theme is to be found in Matthew 16:21-26; John 18:11.

Latter-day Saint spirituality has the widest reach as a driving power of duty; duty to the dead, duty to the living, duty to the unborn. These doctrines and ordinances cover the whole field of obligation, the past, the present, and the future, just as their gospel philosophy circumscribes the whole field of knowledge. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 93:24. *Gospel Doctrine*, Joseph F Smith, pages 393-603. Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*. Samuel Smiles' Essay *Duty in Action*. *Gospel Doctrine*, p. 386.

### Questions and Problems

1. To the consideration of what aspect of duty is this lesson limited?
2. Discuss the philosophy of Pythagoras concerning the relationship of "can" and "ought."
3. Contrast the effect produced by the sentiment, "Let the world wag," and the expression, "Do what is right, let the consequence follow."
4. Quote or read from Shakespeare's *Othello* 1, 3, beginning line 181.
5. Connect up the patriotism or driving power of duty to country with the French national hymn, the Marseillaise and the Star Spangled Banner, and by quoting from each.
6. Discuss the driving power of duty to the scientist who devotes his life to discovering an antitoxin for typhoid, to the mechanic whose defective pipe fitting poisons a water supply that gives typhoid to a community.
7. Who was Lord Nelson and when and where was the battle of Trafalgar fought?
8. Wherein is winking at moral neglect a kind of consorting with sin, the parent of crime?
9. Discuss the merits and demerits of the Carnegie medal provision.
10. Tell the story of the French Grenadier.
11. Show that legislation is capitalized public conscience.
12. Select from the literary references your favorite memory gem and recite it.
13. Connect up the fifth line in our quotation from Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty" with the scene in the garden of Gethsemane.
14. Discuss the following: Religion furnishes the highest form of ideality; therefore, religious obligation is the highest form of conscience.
15. Wherein is the "Vision of the Redemption of the Dead" a new contribution to Christian theology? *Era*, Vol. 22, 1918, pages 166 to 170. "Gospel Doctrine," pages 601 to 602.

# 'The Sauniatu of Now-a-days

*By John Q. Adams, President of the Samoan Mission*

How would you enjoy a glimpse in detail, with all the accompanying picturesque features of a South Sea Zion—the gathering spot of the natives of the Samoan group?

The Sauniatu of yesterday was the Sauniatu of today in swaddling clothes. Only he who has threaded, in dead silence, the vast shades of a South Sea wilderness can form a partial conception even of its magnitude. To leave the friendly openness of the coast, where are strung out the balance of native villages, and strike into the deep interior of the forest, was a move calling for the highest type of implicit obedience; yet, a handful of faithful Saints, casting aside every vestige of custom and tradition and environment of bygone ages, set their faces resolutely to the interior and soon were energetically swinging axes in the effort to daily enlarge, by slow degrees, the small clearing that in time was to be an oasis in a sea of surrounding jungle. More we shall not say, as our own grandparents also founded a Zion.

Towards this Mecca, then, our compass of investigation directs us, and in a typical Samoan rowboat we paddle from the humble customs wharf, one Friday afternoon late, and nose our way seaward by jerk of oars. Our crew consists of but seven where we should have twice as many, and two of these are grown girls who live with the family of the mission president. Without pause, we steal by the rotting hulk of the German man-of-war, *Alder*, driven on the reef close in-shore by the terrific hurricane of 1888. In like manner do we skirt a projecting reef, jagged and black, over whose porous surface the swell of the sea churns into milky foam as we row along just beyond its reach.

Rounding the first point, the water shallows as we hug the beach, until there is outspread to our gaze, on the bed of the sea, a magnificent assortment of coral, sea weed and darting animal life. Soon a finely laid-out grounds and imposing built house swing into view but fifty yards away, and by the Union Jack lazily afloat in the breeze, we correctly surmise it to be the home of the British Consulate. Likewise the Stars and Stripes aloft on the adjoining plot indicates that Uncle Sam's representative is to be found there.



Thence we leave the shore and strike straight across the next bay to the promontory, a mile ahead, for any Samoan island is a series of bays and promontories all along its coast. We endeavor to follow the deeper course of the reef water-roadstead by the iron stakes inserted at intervals in the coral but a scant yard beneath the surface at best and now protruding in places. Despite the utmost vigilance of both lookout and helmsman, in the semi-twilight of approaching night, our keel occasionally grates on the rough coral, even coming to a dead stop at times. At such moments our crew take promiscuously to the water, thus lightening the cargo, and push the boat into deeper water, after which they clamber nonchalantly aboard and resume their stations at the oars. On one such occasion our two girls step into shallow water to pick up some desirable sea food. Before they can regain the boat we strike deeper water and they are forced to wade to their necks and then finally swim. Their white dresses cling drippingly to their shivering bodies during the balance of the trip, and they fail to see the joke, although frequently reminded by the boys!

What a night and what a journey! At times away out at sea, in the blackness the dim outline of the island can scarcely be detected. The lights of the villages sink and rise as we go up and down on the heavy swell, and the dark clouds gather at one point in the heavens as a sure precursor to rain, while stars twinkle in full splendor elsewhere. Our crew croons a soft native boat song and our three young children, one but a baby, take it all in with intense interest until heads nod sleepily. Did ever Utah-born babes have a more extraordinary bed? We gnaw away at dry bread for supper and then recline to stave off approaching seasickness.

At midnight we pull up on the sandy beach at Fusi, our debarkation point, and are carried ashore on the backs of our oarsmen. We soon stretch out for slumber on a board floor, with a thin mat for a mattress, and a mosquito net that admits any number of the pests but from which they find it impossible to escape. We are glad to see and hear signs of the coming day, and shortly after seven we set out afoot on the inland trail of four or five miles, the first part of which leads up hill at a seven per cent grade. Our tropical friend, the rain, accompanies us enroute, as if we couldn't possibly wet our clothing sufficiently with perspiration! At the summit we rest under the half-way mango tree, thence tramping into Sauniatu in an hour along the only three miles of straight road in Samoa.

What a welcome sight to come suddenly upon it all, this snug little "Mormon" village away up in the close embrace of an extinct volcanic crater! As we cross the river a much appreciated Elders' house looms up, but we must not waste time in de-

tails, and hurry to a finish we must, wish as we may to dwell on each distinct feature at length. We sit down to a table laden with native food, than which nothing could appear more desirable. At times weeks pass without a sign of bread or other foreign food except perhaps a little jam or rice. Each family takes its turn in bringing in a basket of food.

Native houses line the several paths as we go about the village, each fairly smothered in dense tropical verdure. In a mass are thrown together cocoanuts, breadfruit, pineapples, oranges, bananas, lemons, limes, passion fruit and dozens of beautifully imaged and tinted shrubs, vines and trees, some in flower and all in full dress the year around. We are made welcome and shown every courtesy wherever we go, as "hospitality" is the Samoan watchword. Warm is the climate, and even warmer the affections of the big-hearted Lamanites here residing. No poor, no rich, yet all enjoying plenty.

Let us wend our way to the school. In four separate houses, three of them native, groups of children are seated on mats on the floor, chattering back answers to questions from teachers, brown and white. We apply a variety of tests to ascertain if their learning is of the parrot order, and find that they can go up or down the multiplication table, and backward as well as forward along English-framed sentences. And so eager are they to reply in response to every test that it is nothing short of inspirational to be fortunate enough to have their training in charge. The coming generation here will have adopted the ways and the learning of their white tutors.

At Sunday School we come in contact with equal diligence in study and recitation. Sunday is the day of days to our village here. Think of attending a seven-thirty service, you in Utah who can scarcely muster pluck to hear the ten-thirty beginning. From then on until well along in the night, meetings of various organizations are tolled off by the big bell in the fine, new, commodious cement church. Rarely is there a single absentee from any service. All are anxious to participate, and the question with the elders is not in securing speakers, but to hold them in check. In each class we find that the plan of salvation is, as a rule, correctly interpreted by competent native class leaders of long experience.

A most remarkable declaration may be truthfully made respecting this island gathering place. The tobacco habit fastens its clutches upon native victims at an extremely early age, and often we see children not nearly in their teens puffing away at a ludicrously long cigarette made by themselves from native-grown tobacco wrapped in a piece of dry banana leaf. It is and has been the universal custom from time immemorial, and yet our people in Sauniatu responded when the demand was made,

and the presence by sight or scent of tobacco in the village is a rarity, invariably from strangers! Where is there a white community that can lay claim to such Word of Wisdom observance? In a test held between our brass band and that of an outside village, the latter retired, fatigued and breathless, early in the evening, while our boys continued at their instruments until well into the night!

One more paragraph and we are done. We note the absence of many a familiar face of a dozen years back, and are welcomed by but a handful of the original band of pioneers of but sixteen years ago. Crossing the river and gaining the graveyard, we are confronted abruptly by the reason written in tombs that dot the earth in little mounds of pebbles fringed by larger lava stones. As the writer stood silently viewing the city of the departed, our most faithful Saint and veteran of the village since its inception, came to his side and pointed out the last resting place of this and that brother and sister or child who went down in the influenza epidemic of a year ago, like grain before the sickle, some of them being buried in their own dooryards and others in whatever place they dropped dead. Heart rending incidents were recounted in simple, touching style, and after a mental review of the horror and helplessness of it all, one is lost in wonder that even the remnant survived that we now find. Strangely like old Chingagook of Cooper's tale, appeared our old Lamanite chieftain, Opapo, as he stood in that quaint native cemetery that day and swept his trembling arm from point to point—one of the links that connects the past of Sauniatu with its present.

*Apia, Samoa, April, 1920*

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### “You and Me for Utah”

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It is the solemn creed of a mighty state. It is the voice of that prophetic spirit that raised the stars and stripes on Ensign Peak. Its homely words speak the thought that framed an enlightened state constitution. Its urge has carried us to the very peaks of education and industry. It inspires the words of our poets, and sings in the music of our composers. It tints the pigments of our artists and guides the hands of our sculptors. It is the magic incantation that has wrought a wonderful transformation. It is the Aladdin's lamp which will provide for our state every blessing a commonwealth may wish. May it echo forever among the peaks of the Wasatch: “*You and me for Utah!*”—*Will Dobson.*



*Photo by Shiplers, Salt Lake City*

## Idaho Falls Hospital

*By H. Newton Thornton*

The building activities of the Church, nowhere find better expression, except in the building of temples to the living God, than in the construction of hospitals for the relief of human suffering. The records of the Master's life on earth show us that a large part of his time was devoted to the care of the sick and infirm, and surely we can do no greater work than follow in his footsteps.

The new Latter-day Saints hospital now in course of erection at Idaho Falls, Idaho, at an approximate cost of \$400,000, is one of the several hospital projects contemplated by the Church. This hospital will serve a long felt want in the Southern part of Idaho, and especially to the Latter-day Saints, being so far away from our hospitals in Utah, and it will also offer educational facilities to our young ladies, in that neighborhood, who are fitted, and desire to enter the nurses training school. The building is situated on the banks of the Snake river, on rising ground, in a beautiful location of the city, the site extending some six hundred feet from the rear of the building to the river, which will form an ideal garden site, over which a southern breeze comes at all times of the year, and will afford ample room for extension of the building in the future. The general plan of the building is T shape, and has received most careful consideration, both as to arrangement of rooms and departments, and will conform to the most recent developments in hospital planning. Numerous conferences have been held with a large building committee, composed of the presidents of six stakes of Zion, in that section, and the architect with some of the committee visited many large hospitals in the East before final plans were adopted. Bishop E. T. Ashton of Salt Lake City is in charge of the construction work, which has progressed rapidly under his direction, and it is expected that the building will be enclosed before winter.

*Idaho Falls, Ida.*





## I am the Tuberculosis Christmas Seal

I am the Tuberculosis Christmas seal!

The careless eye sees me as a little patch of merry colors, with rough edges and a sticky back. The careful eye sees in me a courageous Knight, valiant for Health.

I am the Pioneer. Before my unrelenting blows the wilderness of Ignorance, Indifference, and Misinformation is being conquered. In its place I am erecting the edifice of Enlightenment, set in broad fields of Energy, basking in the beneficent rays of Knowledge.

I am snatching the veils of Superstition from the eyes of those who refuse to see.

I am blasting out the stopped up ears of those who refuse to hear.

In my strong hands I take the tender confiding hands of children and lead them into paths of Health Knowledge.

I send my ministers forth day after day, further and ever further into the dark realms of Inertia and Complacency.

Because I am the Tuberculosis Christmas seal, you know me only one month in the year. You shall know me throughout all the days and weeks and years of your life. You shall know me as the Modern Health Crusader; as the School Nurse; as the Public Health Nurse; as the Open Air School; as the Tuberculosis Sanatorium; as the National Tuberculosis Association; as the Utah Public Health Association.

I am an inseparable part of your every day life.

I am dumb; but I am eloquent for Health.

I am tiny; but I am as broad as the noblest impulses of the human heart.

I am simple; but I am as versatile as the human mind.

I am inert; but my reservoir of energy has hardly been tapped.

I am the Messenger of Good Health, the Herald of the New Day of Right Living.

You are my Sovereign, meet me Thanksgiving day, when I will first appear for this year, and commend me until Christmas Eve, when I leave, assured that my good words will remain behind.

I am the Tuberculosis Christmas seal!

# Stake Songs

[The *Improvement Era* has received a number of quite interesting songs that have been used in the various stakes of the Church by the Mutual Improvement Associations who were requested to provide a stake song for the community singing at the fall conventions of the organizations which were held in connection with the Church quarterly conference in most instances, in a number of cases, separately. Among these we have selected a few, appearing in this number of the *Era*, and which we think may be of interest to M. I. A. members of the various stakes. In a number of instances, original music accompanied the songs, but mostly they were adapted to music already in vogue.—*Editors.*]

## M. I. A. STANDARD

(Tune) "*Today While the Sun Shines*"

We are a band of workers  
In a righteous cause,  
We're going on to victory  
And never stop nor pause;  
Our goal it is perfection  
In all the works of art,  
And faith and love shall guide,  
For they are within each heart.

### Chorus

We'll work, we'll work  
And ever be sincere,  
We'll work, we'll work  
For that we hold so dear,  
We'll work, we'll work  
It is our M. I. A.  
Remembering where there is a will  
There's sure to be a way.

We're working for salvation  
In the courts on high,  
We'll strengthen every effort  
Because the time is nigh  
When we'll be called to answer  
For the things we've done,  
How we've used our time  
And if we've lost or won.

*Bear River Stake M. I. A.*

## MUTUAL WORKERS, BENSON STAKE

Tune: "*Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters*"

'Tis here we meet, all workers we  
A happy Mutual band;  
Our aims, our hopes and ideals too  
Are highest in the land.  
They tend to growth and freedom  
from

The wrongs that mean defeat;  
So join our ranks and fight for truth,  
If victory you would meet.

Our motto stands, we look ahead,  
Improved our lives would be;  
Good health our future would secure,  
From stimulants be free.  
Then work with us we'll win the  
fight,  
The Lord will help us through;  
As M. I. A. with love unfeigned,  
We wish to work with you.

*Richmond South*

*Orson Clark*

## THE MUTUALS, BENSON STAKE

### Original Music and Words

It's the great M. I. A. movement,  
Zions young folks to prepare,  
For the preaching of the gospel plan,  
To God's children everywhere.  
We will rally round our standard,  
Lift high our beacon light—  
We will march along, in a mighty  
throng,  
Heaven cry "God speed the right."

### Chorus

Then Hurrah! for the sons of Zion,  
And hurrah! for daughters bright.  
We are sure to win, in the fight with  
sin,  
Hear our cry, "God speed the  
right."

We are stalwart, young and vigorous,  
We are sturdy, strong, and brave.  
We are members of societies,  
Seeking precious souls to save.  
We are in our Redeemer's service  
We are workers with our might.

We will fight and win, 'gainst the power of sin,  
Hear our cry, "God speed the right."  
Made sacred by our joys and tears,  
No other skies seem half so clear  
And all our days unmarred by fear.  
Not our deserts, we so live

*Smithfield Second Ward*

*Prof. Geo. Thomas*

GLORY STILL OUR AIM AND  
HOPE

A Mutual Improvement Association  
Song

Onward, upward we are going,  
Something daily we attain,  
Lessons bright with truth bestowing  
Knowledge every one may gain.

*Chorus*

Listen to the invitation,  
Hear the Holy Spirit's call!  
Join the movement  
For improvement,  
'Tis a mutual work for all.

Lifting mind to greater merit,  
That our eyes may better see,  
By his power, the Holy Spirit  
Caused our Mutual to be.

*Chorus*

Then, in our Association,  
Let its spirit and its scope  
Be the acme of salvation,  
Glory still our aim and hope.

*Nebo Stake M. I. A.*

### ODE TO NEBO STAKE

Where mountain summits pierce the  
skies

Like watchful sentries tall and  
grand,

And streams of living water rise

To bless and beautify the land,

Mount Nebo, in majestic pride

Looks down o'er the hills and val-  
leys wide.

How like that mountain's lofty dome

Is Nebo Stake among its peers,

Land that we love to call our home—*Lagrande, Oregon*

Secure from fear, but Thine the  
cause,

And all our heart's devotion give  
Unto the keeping of thy laws,  
And ever unto thee we pray,

"Lead us aright from day to day."

Help us to walk through every hour  
The path of virtue, truth and right,  
Shield us from every evil power—  
Be thou our strength in every fight,  
A beacon light be to us all  
Guiding our steps from every fall.

*O. P. Huish*

### OUR UNION MUTUALS

To guide the youth of Zion,  
Oh, what a mighty task,  
Yet with God's hand to help us,  
Too much he cannot ask.

*Chorus*

True to the work that our Prophet  
has given us,  
True to our God who will ever be-  
friend us,  
High is our aim,—ever the same,  
Doing our duty, we'll the gospel pro-  
claim.

Though far removed from Zion,  
God's Spirit guides us on,  
Humbly ever we beseech him,  
To love and make us strong.

As Union is our watchword,  
United we will be.

The influence of our efforts,  
Reaches eternity.

Improvement is our motto,  
Progress we strive to make,  
And to the end prove faithful,  
Mutual of the Union Stake.

Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. SONG

(Sung to the tune of *Smiles*)

Somehow, now I know

Just what makes my soul to grow,

Makes me useful, makes me truthful,

Many good deeds sow;

Y.—M.—(L)—M.—I.—A.,

Keep me safe I humbly pray,  
 Guide my feet, nor let me stray  
 Far from your shining rays.

*Chorus*

There are deeds that make us happy  
 There are deeds so good and true,  
 There are deeds that fill the world with sunshine,  
 When the silver lining turns to blue;  
 There are deeds that bind the ties of friendship,  
 And our very inmost souls renew,  
 But the deeds that lead us on to glory,  
 Are the deeds that the "Mutuals" do.

Let's work with a smile,  
 Try to do the things worth while,  
 Let us ponder, ere we wander  
 O'er some ugly stile;  
 Y.—M.—(L).—M.—I.—A.,  
 We're convinced you're here to stay,  
 We will aid you and support you  
 Help you live away.

*South Davis, M. I. A.*

DEAR M. I. A.

Let us join in song for the M. I. A.,  
 For its hours of mirth and glee,  
 With no thought to spare for a world of care,  
 In our hearts so light and free.  
 Let us join the rollicking wood-nymphs' dance,  
 On plain or in canyon dell—  
 By camp fires bright or in halls alight,  
 Play the games that we love so well.

*Chorus*

For the M. I. A. is for all of us,  
 The dear old M. I. A.,  
 'Tis for all who stand for its slogans grand,  
 Against Sin and its dark array.

Let us give our hearts to the M. I. A.  
 And the work it is planned to do,  
 That seeds of truth we may sow in youth,  
 For a harvest full and true;  
 That life as clean as the sparkling rills  
 From our mountains capped with snow,  
 That strength as firm as the world-old hills,  
 May be reaped from the seeds we sow.

Let our prayers ascend for the M. I. A.,  
 And all it is meant to give  
 In honest zeal, in power to feel,  
 And in faith by which to live.  
 To the hope and trust of our father's kind,  
 To our mothers' love so true,  
 To the better way, with the M. I. A.,  
 We pledge our lives anew.

*Provo, Utah*

*Annie D. Palmer*



## ALPINE STAKE M. I. A. SONG

Nestled beneath Timpanogos grand,  
 Lies Alpine Stake from harm secure,  
 Rich in her boys and her girls so fair,  
 May her name always endure!  
 List to the sound of the Mutual call,  
 As earnestly we march along,  
 Pressed by the spirit of truth and right,  
 As we on to glory throng.

*Chorus*

For its boys and girls we are seeking  
 To enlist with the M. I. A.  
 There's a place for all who will enter—  
 We hope they'll ever stay,  
 They will find kind friends bidding welcome  
 To participate in work and play.  
 Then we'll shout and sing till the valleys ring,  
 "Hip, Hurray for the M. I. A."

Hark, hear the hum of our busy swarms  
 Of bee-hive girls who work the while,  
 Nursing the sick, and preparing meals,  
 Cheering all with a pleasant smile,  
 Halt! clear the way for our boy scout band,  
 Marching to manhood along life's road,  
 Serving country and their God.

## SAN JUAN M. I. A. STAKE SONG

(Tune: *Battle Cry of Freedom*)

## I

There is a prize of glory, for us who work with might,  
 Dare and do with courage, all that we undertake;  
 Putting on the armour of virtue, truth and right  
 Holding high, the banner of the San Juan Stake.

*Chorus*

Forward the Mutual, work while you may,  
 Keep the battle raging, through night and the day.  
 And scale the heights of valor, our pennant there must stay.  
 We wish unselfish effort, to our M. I. A.

## II

We call the battle ended when only we have won,  
 Holding every advance that we make,  
 In trench and clouds of darkness and charge with rising sun,  
 Still unstained, the banner of the San Juan Stake.

*Chorus*

## III

With duty never ended, we do not know retreat,  
 Our steady tread of soldiers makes all vice give way,  
 We brave opposing torrents, even death is not defeat,  
 Eternal, all advancing, with our M. I. A.

—M. A. Barton

# As Rachel Wept of Old

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*By Isaac Russell*

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On a cloudy afternoon in New York, just before the 1st of October, hundreds of Jewish women started on a pilgrimage up-town to the Temple Emanu-El. These women wore shawls on their heads instead of hats. And they wept as they walked, even as Rachel wept of old.

It was the second day of an ancient Jewish feast, it seemed, and the women should have been glad, for the feast was a harvest festival. They were forbidden by the orthodox creed to ride on that day.

Therefore the pilgrimage on foot. I met these women and passed among them to a line of policemen, and then on through the line into the Jewish Temple Emanu-El.

For the day was one of sorrow to all New York Jews, whether orthodox or not. It was the day of the funeral of a Jew who came to America as a poor immigrant, and lived to be one of the world's greatest international financiers.

Every man and woman who ever bought an article in Utah after 1900 has had his life touched by the power of this Jew, for he was head of the great international banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., when this firm financed the reorganization of the Union Pacific.

He was the banking genius behind Harriman, and in the world of railroad credits he became as famous over the Union Pacific enterprise as Harriman did in the world of railroad operation.

And now the great banker was dead. Jacob Schiff, even as happened to Jacob of old, was "gathered to his fathers."

In the progress of a day's work, that had already included the writing of an article on the latest clues in a bomb outrage in Wall Street, and the latest news from a special legislative session on the housing crisis, I went to this funeral of Jacob Schiff.

There is something different with the Jews. They seldom know how to honor anybody in a way to wipe out the fundamental lines of democracy. They did not speak of "The Honorable Jacob Schiff." They spoke merely of plain Jacob.

We may almost say that the Jews are the keepers of the world's democracy of the soul. They have few snobs among them, and few traits of snobbery. Here in the synagogue I was

welcomed and ushered speedily to a seat. There were no reserved pews, no ropes holding the anointed from the unanointed. There was a feeling of equality before God as his children within the Temple Emanu-El.

Floral decorations were very simple. It was announced that Jacob had asked that it be so. There was to be no mention of his name at the service. It was whispered about that Jacob had so ordered it.

There was only going to be the singing of songs that were older than the song of Solomon, the breathing of prayers of a race's aspiration, that had been uttered on the Mount of Olives and the high place that was Sinai.

There were to be lamentations that were older than the lamentations of Jeremiah.

An organ broke forth with the gently sobbing strains of the Kol Nidre. A cantor followed with the lament of the Chivce. A choir chanted in with words that perhaps were sung when Father Abraham, most ancient of patriarchs, was gathered unto the fathers that were his, in the cave beside Hebron.

Perhaps even that older Jacob who had made the name beloved by all Jews through many centuries had sung this lament as he helped his brother Esau lay away their father Isaac in the midst of his people who had died before him.

An aged Jew who sat beside me thought it nothing beneath his dignity to explain to a stranger the meaning of the Jewish liturgy. And the meaning of the symbolism of various decorations in the Temple.

There were the closed doors behind the pulpit. They were of bronze and were the gift of Jacob Schiff. They led to the sacred scrolls kept in the ark of the covenant. Just as the sacred word was, when Moses led his people up out of Egypt.

We conversed about these ancient religious rites and symbols until we mentioned a white tapestry that hung from the pulpit to the foot of the bier. On the white field was embroidered the double triangle, known to all Jews as "The Star of David."

"The Star of David," said my Jewish companion, "is the oldest religious symbol in the world. It is even older than David was.

"It signifies the most ancient thought in the world—the thought of immortality and the Godhead of three persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The three equal sides of the triangle stand for these three elements of the Godhead."

Here was something new and quite interesting to me, in the way of conceptions.

I recalled the bitter dispute brought on by the late Bishop

F. S. Spalding of the Episcopal Church in Utah. It had to do with the "Book of Abraham," which Joseph the Prophet had translated from a papyrus, found in the chest of an Egyptian mummy.

Scholars then had provoked much ridicule among disbelievers in the Prophet Joseph, by asserting it was preposterous for anyone to imagine the Egyptians could have known the religious ideas of Abraham.

The religious symbol of the goddess of Isis came to my mind along with the three-folded crown of the god Osiris.

I asked the aged Hebrew if the "knot" of Isis and the peculiar crown of Osiris were not older symbols than the Star of David—if these Egyptian symbols were not older than any Hebraic.

His answer was very much of a shock to me, for anyone can apply the test he proposed. I had gone over the ground in company with Dr. Widtsoe of the University of Utah.

"Go up to the Metropolitan Museum of Art," he proposed, "and in the first Egyptian room you will find samples of Egypt according to the native culture. There will be a skeleton and the hole in a solid piece of stone where it was buried.

"You will find no religious symbols connected with this burial and no mummification. It is just a skeleton of a body thrown into a cleft in a rock, in a crouching position.

This I knew well, for I had seen samples of these burials in earliest Egypt.

"And that crown of Osiris with its three folds, what do you think that means?" the old Hebrew asked. "It means precisely what the Star of David meant, with its three-sided triangle. It means the trinity of the Godhead."

This, I knew, too, for Budge had so stated in one of his greater books on Egyptian religion.

"And all this means," said my companion, as the organ sobbed out the strains of the Kol Nidre, "that the Israelites took down to Egypt and taught them all they knew of religion. Abraham and his people carried down the idea of immortality, that gave rise to the temples and the tombs and the pyramids. "All these, with the sculpture and the hieroglyphics that went with them, were reared to the principle of the life everlasting."

This was not strange talk to me, out of conformity with known facts. For I recalled that on searching for the origin of Egyptian art I had found a reproduction of the oldest picture in all Egyptian lore. It was a picture of two donkeys, packed with articles for trade, and some Israelites leading them.

The caption explained that these were Israelitish traders arriving at a certain Egyptian nomarchy (as a province was des-



ignated) and the date was 1000 years before Abraham's visit to Egypt.

Then again, there was the first poem coming down out of Egyptian lore. I got this from Breasted, who was more bitter in his ridicule of the Prophet than any other of Bishop Spalding's scholars. He had claimed that Egyptian religion and the Hebraic religion were as different as Chinese and American, so to speak. That is, that it was ridiculous to put Abraham's monotheistic gospel in a polytheistic environment.

Yet in Breasted's own work I had found the "tale of Senhu," the earliest poem known in any language. And as Breasted himself translated it, it was the tale of an Egyptian who fled into Palestine and dwelt there to save his neck. He knew court secrets that he felt the Egyptian rulers would kill him to hush up.

So that the earliest Egyptian literature and the earliest Egyptian sculpture had Abraham's people and the Egyptians commingling, thousands of years before Joseph went down into Egypt, and Moses led the exodus out of Egypt.

It did not startle me at all, therefore, to have this aged Jew telling me that the Egyptian religion was based essentially not on a lot of polytheistic ideas, but upon a Godhead. For Breasted himself made fun of all the early Egyptian translations that wrote of beast worship, and bird worship. And he made it clear that almost to the day of his own work no decent survey of Egyptian documents had ever been made.

And I knew from the latest works that the so-called bird worship was not bird worship at all, but that the Egyptian symbolism represented the ibis-headed goddess, Toth, as the recording angel. The figure in sculpture of a heavenly group merely meant "secretary." So Isis meant "divine protection" or "mercy."

While the big idea of the religion was temple service for the dead, a godhead, and various heavenly figures who served the godhead. We have them still in our heavens, as St. Peter, keeper of the gates, the recording angel, etc.

But I teased my Jewish informant a bit. I told him I was sure the Egyptian ideas were older than the gospel of Abraham. But he caught me up quick. He knew his grounds. He referred me to Abbott's *History of Masonry*, a new book all our people should read. It traces masonic symbols to their sources, and it credits the Egyptian symbols and teachings to the Hebrews who carried them into Egypt with them. What a shock it must be to Breasted to find things working out this way!

In Washington newspapers last winter there was printed a photograph of a splendid statue of the goddess Isis. It was by a living sculptor. I wondered why any modern sculptor should

do the goddess of mercy this way. I found the sculptured beauty was to adorn a masonic temple!

The masons credit their ritual to the Temple of Solomon. Yet they have both Isis and Osiris in the ritual, and anybody who has ever uttered a Christian prayer will respond to this tribute to the Deity:

“He who hath made all, the sole one; he commandeth and the gods came into being; he is the father of gods, he who made mankind and created the beasts; he it is who makes pastures for the herds, and fruit trees for men; who creates that whereby fish live in the river and the birds under the heavens; who gives breath to those that are in the egg and feeds the son of the serpent; he creates that whereby the gnat lives and also the worms and fleas. He creates what is needed by the mice in their holes, and that which feeds the birds upon all trees. The Nile comes on his account, he, the sweet, the well-beloved, and when he comes, mankind lives. And this Lord of all gods is verily of a kindly heart, when men call him he delivers the fearful from the insolent.”

The words I have set down here in quotation marks came to my mind as the cantor at Jacob Schiff's funeral read forth the words of David's psalm, “The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He leadeth me by green pastures.”

Those words I had learned to recite when a child, from dear old Aunt Mary Morris in one of the first adobe school houses built in Utah—in the old Fifteenth Ward, in Salt Lake.

The almost similar words of the Egyptian hymn to Amon-re, the king of the gods, I take from page 58 of Adolf Erman's *Hand Book of Egyptian Religion*.

Surely there was not much to distinguish Egyptian religion from the Hebraic in this period of the New Kingdom in Egypt. We almost have the psalms of David in this as in several other Egyptian hymns.

And today all Christians expect the dead to be judged. They expect a hearing in heaven for the departed soul at the judgment seat. The masons, I understand, judge the candidate before a ritualistic character named Osiris, as in Egypt. Any one who knows a modern standard of uprightness in living will appreciate this call of the Egyptian soul for a fair judgment before Osiris:

“I have come to thee, O my Lord, that I may behold thy beauty. \* \* \* I come to thee to bring thee truth and to chase away wrong doing. I have committed no sins against mankind. \* \* \* I have made no man evil in the eyes of his superior. I have not caused to hunger. I have not caused to weep. I have done no murder. I have not commanded to

murder. I have not caused grief to any. I have not committed impurity in the pure abodes of the gods of my city. I have not diminished the corn measure. I have not diminished the cube measure. I have not falsified the field measure. I have not falsified the tongue of the balance. I have not stolen the milk from the mouth of the child. I have not stolen the cattle from his pasture."

Here again, in reading this appeal of an Egyptian soul for judgment, we get a code of morals that, by a mere paraphrasing, becomes the Ten Commandments. I take this prayer from page 104 of Erman's *Hand Book*. It was the earliest religious conception fully developed in Egypt. And yet the code is a code of life, even for today.

It is strange indeed, after reading the assaults of Breasted, who despised religious documents of Egypt so much that he excluded them one and all from his four volumes of Egyptian translations, to find a historian of masonry, an aged Jew in the Temple Emanu-El, and the Egyptian texts themselves, so strangely bearing out the story of a communism of spirit and text between Hebraic religion and Egyptian religion. It is strange, or rather it would be strange, to anyone not expecting these things to work out just this way, in spite of all that Breasted said in jeering at Joseph Smith.

New York, N. Y.

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## Grand Teton

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Salaam! Stark peak, with heaven-piercing shaft!

Upon thy summit storm-winds find a home,  
And through the cold, pure air-lanes eagles pass

To perch their eyries on thy granite dome.

Up-flinging thy hoar head among the clouds,

The cheap and noisy company of men  
Thou hast disdained. Thy austere solitude

Proclaims a cosmic truth beyond the ken  
Of human mind: the great infinitude

Of God's creative might. Thy baffling walls,  
By age-old tools of wind and storm planed smooth,

Forbid man's trespass when adventure calls.

So standest thou, a prophet, gray, aloof.

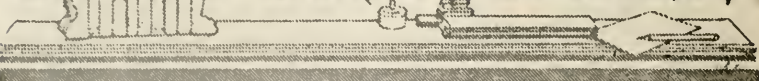
When thou wert carved the gods of grandeur laughed.

Salaam! Stark peak, with heaven-piercing shaft!

*Floyd R. Barber.*

*Paris, Idaho*

# EDITORS TABLE



## Results of Keeping the Commandments

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On many occasions in the past, the Latter-day Saints have been severely criticised by the English people, as well as by people of other nations. However, every now and then, matters arise that should convince the critics, that the Latter-day Saints are *really the live actors in the religious field*. They combine the gospel of Jesus Christ with practical labors, interweaving into their everyday lives, the saving principles by our Lord and Master. At the October conference, which, by the by, was a very interesting and auspicious occasion, in which the keynote, as announced by President Heber J. Grant, was, "Keep the Commandments," Elder James N. Lambert, recently returned from presiding over the New Zealand mission, gave the following expressions, in the course of his remarks, at one of the meetings, which bear out the statement that the Latter-day Saints are practical in their religion.

He said that the missionaries were happy in that field of labor, desirous of living and teaching the gospel, and are equal in every way to the demand made upon them as representatives of the Lord Jesus Christ. They are doing a good work, and the Church in that land is in a healthy condition.

"The principles that have been published abroad in New Zealand ever since the gospel was introduced to the people there, have demonstrated," he says, "that we are preaching a gospel of temperance, a gospel that is beneficial to the people who obey it. It has also had its influence upon the people who represent the British government." As an example of this, he related this incident:

"Dr. Ponare, a prominent native, who spent years in the United States and was educated here and in Germany, stated in Parliament, a short time ago, that in all his visits to the various parts of New Zealand, he had never seen a place that could compare with Nuhaka, a place composed of 98% Latter-day Saints or 'Mormons.' When asked further why it appealed to him, he said: 'Because of the cleanliness of the Latter-day Saints, because of their sobriety and temperance, because of their teaching the people to be industrious, and to attend to



their own business.' The members of Parliament were astounded. He was questioned over and over again in regard to it, and yet he claimed that it was the truth in every way, for he had demonstrated it while he was an officer in the health department, later when he was a representative in Parliament, and then as a member of the prime minister's cabinet."

The history of the Latter-day Saints shows that where they live in conformity with the revealed will of the Lord, they are a model people in every respect, believing, as they do, not only in the theory of the gospel, but in its practice; and further believing, that religion is an everyday affair, one that cannot be put off and on as occasion may arise, but one that must be in the soul, and interwoven in the daily lives of those who have adopted and received it.

If our young people will comprehend this fact, keep the commandments, live as they should, being strong to combat the evils that seek to creep in among them, they will be made still stronger and still mightier, for that is the purpose of God so to make those who keep his commandments. We can not recall the sacrifices and faith of our fathers and mothers and the labors which they accomplished, without feeling in our hearts that we have a wonderful reputation to uphold, and a great work to do. We must not, therefore, forget the ideals of faith, honesty, thrift, industry, and the splendid religious examples they have set before us, in the toils and sacrifices of their lives. Let us beware, however, that we do not take credit for their virtues, without doing their works.

A recent current poem, a reminder to the youngest present generation, expresses the idea:

"The dreams they dreamed, and the fights they fought,  
And the prayers that their lips had prayed,  
Shall be your dreams, and shall be your prayers;  
Your fights are the fights they made.  
The lives they lived and the deaths they died,  
You shall live and die again.  
In you is the seed of a million hopes  
Of a million maids and men.  
*God grant, my son, that you fight the fight,  
And hold to the faith, Amen.*"—A.

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## Who of Israel Entered Canaan?

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In the September number of the *Era*, page 1020, the following statement occurred in the advanced senior class lesson, relating to the entrance of the Children of Israel into Canaan:

Being slow to believe and quick to doubt, their progress was snail-like; of the thousands who started only two survived the forty years' journey to the Land of Promise.

As a general proposition, not intended as a detailed, technical account of the event referred to, this statement is correct enough, but, to prevent any misunderstanding, it may be just as well to add that the death sentence passed by the Lord upon the generation that was led out of Egypt by Moses, on account of rebellion and murmuring, did not include the children or younger members of the families. According to Numbers 14: 28-31, the Lord said to Moses:

Say unto them, As truly as I live, saith the Lord, as ye have spoken in my ears, so will I do to you: your carcasses shall fall in this wilderness; and all that were numbered of you, according to your whole number, from twenty years old and upward, which have murmured against me, doubtless ye shall not come into the land concerning which I sware to make you dwell therein, save Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, and Joshua, the son of Nun. But your little ones, which ye said should be a prey, them will I bring in.

It is clear from this that those under twenty years at the time of the first census after the exodus were not included under the general conviction. But that even many of these died in the wilderness can hardly be doubted. Children and young people are passing away everywhere, every year. The survivors entered Canaan under the leadership of Joshua.

This was not explicitly stated in the *Era*, but it is well understood by Bible readers.

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## Books

The *Era* acknowledges receipt of a handsome book on *Soil Alkali*, its origin, nature and treatment, by Franklin Stewart Harris, Ph. D., director of the experiment station and Professor of Agronomy at the Utah Agricultural College, with the compliments of the author. It is published in the Wiley Agricultural Series. It is an exhaustive treatise of some 258 pages, with index, on the subjects indicated by the title. It should be welcomed by western farmers who are frequently troubled as to what to do with alkali-impregnated soil. Among the subjects discussed are: Crops for alkali land, alkali water for irrigation, the origin of alkali, practical drainage, methods of reclaiming alkali lands, movement of soluble salts through the soil, etc. The book is dedicated by the author to "Dr. John A. Widtsoe, pioneer investigator of arid agriculture, teacher and friend," and is published by John Wiley and Sons, Inc., New York.

*The Great Experience* is the title of a story by Julia Farr, author of *Venna Hastings*. It is a story of some 224 pages, with illustrations, and is of special interest to Church members. The characters are Latter-day Saints, and the narrative depicts missionary experiences and the struggle between truth and error in the world for the supremacy of the souls of men. The author is a convert to the "Mormon" faith and gives her ex-

periences, particularly after her arrival in Utah, where she received her first welcome and her first friends in Zion. The book is printed by the *Deseret News Co.*, Salt Lake City and is an interesting addition to current literature.

*Science and the Gospel*, or *Joseph Smith as Scientist*, by Dr. John A. Widtsoe, is the title of the Senior Manual of the Y. M. M. I. A. for the present season. A book of 160 pages full of intense interest to young men between the ages of 17 and 22, for whom it is especially designed. It is readable for everybody, and the Senior classes this year should be very interesting and attract much attention among the young people. A few copies with index will be bound with first class binding, and will be on sale separate from the manual. These books should find a place in every library in the Church. This is a revision of the first edition which was printed some years ago, with such additions as were necessary to comply with the progress of science since the first publication. Price of manual, in paper, 50c.

*Campfire Stories* is the title of the Junior Manual. It includes a number of interesting and well written pioneer stories on scenes and incidents of the plains and pioneers in the west. It will be very interesting to the boys of the Junior Class for whom it is designed, between the ages of 12 and 17. Price 25c.

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## Messages from the Missions

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### An Eye-opener to Many People

Elder James Gunn McKay, President of the London Conference, writing to the *Era*, Sept. 2, says: "The elders here appreciate very much the July number of the *Improvement Era*, and we have circulated the copies that reached us here to very good advantage. It has been an eye-opener to many of the people who knew nothing about the Latter-day Saints. Some of the men in high places who have read these articles, have said that if the 'Mormons' continue in this kind of an educational program, they will be a power to lead and influence the world. In fact, one man said that the 'Mormon' people through the integrity of their leaders, are now greatly influencing the thought and policies of men throughout the whole world. So, you may see by this that the truth is beginning to dawn upon thinking men. There are twenty-six elders in the mission from Zion and yesterday we received word that two more would arrive on Sunday. This good news gives heart and life to the whole mission. The caliber of the men coming, with their faith and energy, mean more to this mission than can now be estimated."

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### Dr. James E. Talmage in Iowa

Elder James H. Anderson, president of the west Iowa conference, reports that the work of the Lord is progressing there and that many Books of Mormon and other books and tracts are being distributed. Friends are coming to the elders, many being taught the principles of the gospel. On August 14-15, Dr. James E. Talmage visited the conference, also President Winslow F. Smith, who were the principal speakers. Since

then we have had the privilege of explaining our message to many people as a result of the powerful discourses which they gave to the public.



While we are few in numbers at this conference at present we are having a rich meed of success. Of the fourteen missionaries now laboring here, there are five from Idaho as given in the picture. Back row, left to right: L. D. Walentine, Lanark; President James H. Anderson, Rigby; H. L. Muir, Gray's Lake; Ethel Hale, Oakley; G. J. McBride, Shelley.

We enjoy the *Era*, so do many of our investigators who look forward to its coming and its many instructions and wholesome reading articles. We send the best wishes to all our fellow-laborers throughout the world.

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### Flowers Before Rather than After

The work in the European mission is slowly progressing despite the great handicap caused by the war. With the arrival of new missionaries from Zion, and the valiant work of local people in the branches and conferences, the future looks much brighter than formerly.

The work of President George Albert Smith is appreciated by the Saints in Great Britain, who number about 8,500. He is not only greatly beloved, but has won the respect of many of the leading officials of the nation. His wife, Sister Lucy E. W. Smith, is also doing a wonderful work in helping to keep alive the Relief Society organizations in the European mission. The record of the war work will ever live, as the



Church by this means, gained a standing in community and governmental circles.

As the writer believes in giving the flowers before rather than after, he cannot help but mention the faithful labors of President James Gunn McKay of the London conference, who has labored for nearly five years. His war experiences would fill a volume, and make interesting reading. There are now twenty-six missionaries in Great Britain, with prospects of more coming.

A feature of the mission is the commencement of a special preparatory missionary school, held at "Deseret" in London, where the elders are trained for a month prior to their assignment into the field. The course, initiated and given under the direction of President McKay, consists of scripture memorizing, five minute morning talks, subject to criticism, and general discussion. The class is accomplishing wonders and is worthy of patterning after.—*Harold H. Jensen.*

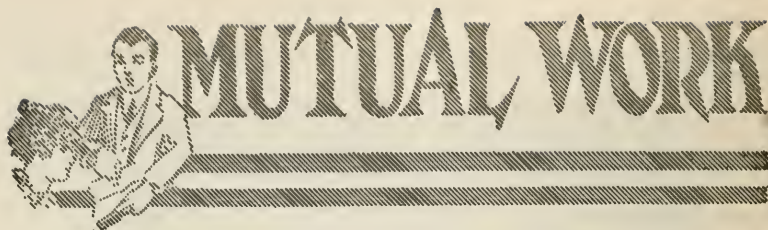
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### Two Elders for Six Conferences

Elder James K. Harris, writing from Brisbane, Queensland, Australia under date of July 16 says: "At present there are two elders laboring in the six different conferences in Australia. The signs of the times indicate that the time is far spent and the need of missionaries is very great in order that every nation, kindred, tongue and people may have the opportunity of hearing the message of truth before the great judgment day of the Lord cometh. The people are generally looking forward for conditions to reach a climax of some kind, but religion, to the general public, is an unpopular principle. Nevertheless, the work of the Lord is slowly progressing in this district."



Joseph R. Hunsaker, Honeyville, Utah; Arnold D. Miller, Mission President, St. Anthony, Idaho; James K. Harris, Lovell, Wyoming, conference president.



## Missionary Work in the Boise Stake

Superintendent J. Orval Ellsworth writing from Boise, October 3, describes the system adopted in that stake for missionary work prior to the opening of the M. I. A. for the season. A regular program was prepared which called for a three-day missionary campaign. The results of the campaign cannot be measured at this time, but we are told that the effort was doubly worth while, if the effect on the missionaries participating was the only basis of judgment. All expressed a deep appreciation of the inspiration gained and the opportunity of service. Superintendent Ellsworth acted as one of the missionaries, and declares that never before has he enjoyed so much of the Spirit of the Lord.

The campaign was held September 24-26 in four of the five wards in which mutuals are organized. We quote the plan as follows, thinking it might be of value to the other stakes contemplating a missionary campaign:

"The plan suggested that each ward supply two missionaries, one man and one woman, to accompany two members of the stake boards, one man and one woman, to another ward, and the four have charge of the work. Ward bishops were asked to assist the mutual officers in the selection of competent people, and to set them apart for the work. The ward officers were also asked to list all families in their ward, make a chart locating all residences, and supply two autos and guides for the work.

"The four missionaries (in each ward) reported at the church each day. There they met a member of the bishopric, a member of the presidency of each of the associations, with the autos and guides. The work was planned in detail, and the missionaries made familiar with the geography of the ward.

"Each pair of missionaries visited half of the families in their district on Friday, and the remainder on Saturday, holding cottage meetings each evening. On Sunday they attended church and functioned as speakers in sacrament meeting and in two cases at mutual in the evening.

"Our stake population is about 2,250 and about 1,500 of the number are of mutual age. Our sixteen missionaries spent three days each in the four wards, traveled a total of 859 miles, spent 174 hours in gospel conversation, visiting 261 families (two missionaries to each family), personally interviewing 425 males and 423 females, or a total of 848 people of mutual age. The remainder of the 1,500 were either not at home, or live in the one ward not visited, or the three branches in which we have no mutual work organized.

"The missionaries were instructed to first teach the gospel, incidentally mention Mutual work, and its relation to the other auxiliaries. The *Era*, *Journal* and *Fund* were mentioned in some cases, but this we recommended to be cared for in the follow-up work by local ward officer. We are planning for a similar campaign for next year, and are collecting suggestions for the improvement of the plan."

The following suggestions are offered to men organizing Scout troops in the M. I. A., to assist them in the details of registration, etc.

I. *Preliminary Application Blank*. This blank is to inform you of the

## Information Sheet on Scouting in the M. I. A.

first requirements in Scouting under the Y. M. M. I. A. After this blank has been carefully studied, the requirements agreed to, and properly signed, please return to Dr. John H. Taylor, Church Office Building, Room 406, Salt Lake City.

II. *The National Application for Troop Charter.* We call your attention to the following items in this blank:

A. Endorsement of Troop Committee of Representative Citizens. The personnel of this committee consists of the following: the presidency of the Y. M. M. I. A.; or, members of the presidency of the Y. M. M. I. A., and members of the bishopric; or, a member of the presidency of the Y. M. M. I. A. and two or more Church members who are interested in Scouting. The duty of the troop committee is to see that the troop has good leadership. For further instructions on duties of Troop Committee see *M. I. A. Handbook*, page 44.

B. The blank should be returned to this office with the membership fee of \$6 for 12 or fewer boys with an addition \$.50 for each boy in excess of 12.

C. Where the preliminary and troop charter blanks are both mailed to the applicant at the same time, both should be returned.

D. Tenderfoot badges cost 5c; 2nd class, 10 c; and 1st class, 15c. Badges must not be ordered until the boy has officially passed the examination.

E. Scoutmasters or their assistants are not required to pay any fees, and will receive *Scouting* without cost.

F. *Boys' Life*, the official magazine, costs \$2 per year.

III. *Handbooks.* The *Y. M. M. I. A. Handbook* contains examination questions, Scout lessons, etc. This handbook can be purchased at this office for \$.25 post paid.

IV. *The Handbook for Scouts* costs \$.50 post paid. *The Handbook for Scoutmasters* costs \$1.50 post paid. These two books are published by the national organization and can be obtained at Boy Scouts of America, 200, 5th Ave., New York City, or at the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City.

V. *Scoutmasters.* Scoutmasters must be at least 21 years of age. Assistant Scoutmasters must be at least 18 years of age.

VI. *Remittances.* Checks and money orders should be made payable to John H. Taylor, M. I. A. Scout Commissioner.

VII. *Local Councils.* A local council consists of a representative group of men in a city or district who have raised sufficient money to employ a Scout Executive to spend his entire time in the promotion of Scouting. If you have a local council, all registration papers are sent through their office. If you are not in a local council, and do your work through the M. I. A., send all registrations, additional enrollment, etc., to John H. Taylor, 406 Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. After the proper records have been made at this office, they are forwarded to New York.

*Let us help you!*

## Y. M. M. I. A. Outings

The fathers and sons' outing of the Burley stake left Burley, August 11, with 9 cars and 39 people. They proceeded to Bostetta cabin, some 40 miles from Burley, stopping first at the foot of a mountain near Oakley, then proceeded 12 miles to their destination at Monument Peak. The instructions of the General Board and their program were followed out

exactly. At our campfires we had representatives of the national forest reserve, also Brother Stocks, a local supervisor who explained to us the policies of the service, care of the forest, etc. On the second day we divided into two companies, one going on a hike to Monument Park, the other to fish. The exercises and studies of objects during the day were most interesting. At 2 p. m. they returned and were ready for the dinner. They had mutton stew, new potatoes and gravy, rice pudding and cookies, after which there was swimming. The evening was spent in story telling, singing songs, and administering punishment on those who had in any way broken the rules during the day. These consisted of running the gauntlet, running up hill in double time, tossing in the blanket and rolling the kaiser, all of which added to the evening's fun.



### READY TO LEAVE

On the third day we broke camp and the forest ranger lined us up for a picture of the cars and boys, saying that it was the largest number of cars that had been in that forest at one time. We reached Burley on August 13. Stake president David R. Langlois, bishop Kimber C. Barlow, his two counselors, Geo. E. Ferrin and Paul Millett, also John W. Stringer representing the high council, were with us. Lorenzo Wilson acted as cooking director. Every man among the crowd entered into the spirit of boys' life and enjoyed every minute of the outing. Nothing has happened in our ward more beneficial to the Mutual and the Scout organization than this outing.

### "Something Doing Every Minute"

Fathers and sons' outing of the Pleasant Grove Second ward, was held August 23-25 at Mutual Dell. Twenty sons and their fathers took part organized as Boy Scouts under the direction of A. A. Anderson, Joseph Coulam, Russel Swensen and Paul Walker as patrol leaders. The motto was "every father a boy once more. Everyone a real Scout with all that it implies." An interesting program was carried out each day, hiking, camping, instructions, cooking, the camp-fire, community singing, camp-fire stories, stunts. The first day was spent in securing a flag pole and erecting same, flag drill, hoisting the colors and instructions, tug-o-war, games, something doing every minute. On the second day we made a hike to Timpanogas, joined by thirty-two Beehive girls. Fifty-two of the boys and



girls reached the summit and enjoyed the inspiring view of their valley homes. Forty-two of the boys and girls reached the flag, slid the glacier and all returned to camp happy and tired. The third day was a hike to crystal cave. All entered into the trip with real Boy Scout spirit, to do their best to make it pleasant for the other fellow. Bishop S. L. Swensen and counselors were present, making everyone feel that it was good to be there.



Photo by Effie Warnick

#### MUTUAL DELL

*The Alpine Stake M. I. A. cabin in American Fork Canyon, located on the Bear Flat, South Fork, about eight miles from the mouth of the canyon. Close in proximity are four tents occupied by Boy Scouts with accommodations for twenty-eight. The cabin has a maximum capacity of thirty-four, although fifty-one have been accommodated at one time.*

# PASSING EVENTS



*Salt Lake City schools* opened Sept. 7, with the heaviest registration on record. More than 23,000 students were registered.

*A skilful operation* was performed at the Salt Lake County hospital, Sept. 17, by Dr. H. M. Sheranian, of Murray, when he removed three shot from the brain of six-year-old Willie Tutchter, the son of Thomas Tutchter, of Murray. It is thought the boy will recover.

*Alexandre Millerand* was elected president of France, Sept. 23, and received the greatest ovation at Versailles ever given a French president. He succeeds M. Deschanel, who resigned the office on account of failing health. He is the eleventh president of the young republic.

*Three Socialist members* of the assembly of the New York legislature were expelled by that body, Sept. 21, by a vote of 90 to 45. They are Louis Waldman and August Claessens of New York, and Charles Solomon of Kings county. Two Socialists, Samuel A. Dewitt and Samuel Orr tendered their resignations.

*Schleswig* was represented in the Danish rigsdag, October 5, and impressive ceremonies marked the opening day in honor of the occasion. It was the first time since 1864. The historic event was preceded by divine services, attended by the king and queen, other members of the royal house, and foreign princes.

*An unusual marriage* was performed in Salt Lake City, Sept. 7, when Mr. Moses V. Reeves and Mrs. Elizabeth Guest were pronounced husband and wife, by Bishop C. A. Carlquist, of the Fifth ward. The bridegroom gave his age as 95 years, and the bride admitted that she was 85. Mr. Reeves is a veteran of the Civil War.

*The ninety-first semi-annual conference* of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was held in Salt Lake City, October 8, 9, and 10. The weather the first two days was almost ideal, but on the third day a thunderstorm with rain and hail passed over the valley as a reminder of the approach of winter. The attendance was very large.

*The American Flag*, which Admiral Peary planted at the North Pole, April 6, 1909, was found by Captain Godford Hansen, leader of the Amundsen auxiliary expedition, 400 miles from the Pole, while he was laying food deposits along the Amundsen trail. His report is dated Copenhagen, October 13. The flag, when found, was intact in the ice.

*The oldest house in Utah* is claimed by Ogden. It is a log cabin built in 1845 on the banks of the Weber river, by Miles Goodyear. Mrs. Ambrose Shaw, the present owner, has presented it to the city, and the commissioners, on Sept. 20, ordered that the cabin be protected by an inclosure until it can be moved to the City Hall park and a permanent building be erected for its preservation.

*Pilot John L. Eaton* of the United States aerial mail service, who was reported lost in Nevada, arrived in Salt Lake, Sept. 17, at 1 o'clock p. m., at Buena Vista field, carrying 211 pounds of mail. Owing to engine trouble he was forced to land in Butte valley, where he remained two days and two nights without food and with only radiator water to drink. On the third day he was found by a shepherd.

*A disastrous earthquake* visited Tivizzano, and other places in Italy, Sept. 7. One hundred seventy-four people were reported killed and thousands injured. Survivors describe the shock as terrifying. The air was filled with choking dust, so black that the sun was lost to view. A still more violent quake was reported on Sept. 9, from the Emilia district, with loss of life and destruction of property.

*Three bishops* and their counselors were ordained and set apart at the quarterly conference of the Duchesne stake, September 25 and 26, Elder Orson F. Whitney, of the Council of the Twelve, officiating. They were: Duchesne ward, Francis M. Shelton, Douglas M. Todd, Jr., and John P. Madsen; Mountain Home ward, Lester E. Akelund, Harvey A. Pace, and Albert S. Jenson; Tablona ward, Claude L. Wagstaff, John H. Jones, and John J. Sellers.

*The total population of the United States* is now, according to figures published by the director of the Census Bureau, Oct. 7, 105,683,108, exclusive of about 12,250,000 inhabitants of Alaska and the outlying possessions of the country. The increase since 1910 is 13,710,842, or 14.9 per cent, as against 15,977,691, or 21 per cent, during the preceding decade. The smaller percentage is accounted for by the decrease of immigration as a result of the war.

*Armistice* was agreed upon by the representatives of Poland and Russia at Riga, Oct. 5. The Polish-Russian war began in December, 1918, and reached an acute stage when the Poles made their first sweep eastward to Kiev, which they captured, followed by their gradual retreat until the soviet armies had again forced their way westward and were threatening Warsaw. The present negotiations were initiated about that time, first at Minsk and then at Riga.

*The Council of the League of Nations* met at Paris, Sept. 16, this being the ninth session of that body. The first matter discussed being the conflict between Sweden and Finland relative to the Aland islands. Poland and Lithuania have been asked to send delegates to Paris for the purpose of attending a session of the council. This step was taken at the instance of the Polish government, which asked that the frontier controversy which has threatened serious consequences there be considered by the council.

*F. C. Stannard Machinery Company.* In the Junior manual, "Campfire Stories," and the Senior Manual, "Science and the Gospel," appears the advertisement of the F. C. Stannard Machinery Company, who carry a complete line of road-building and contractors' equipment, to which your attention is called. Unfortunately, an error was made in the spelling of the word "Stannard" and it appears as "Standard" instead. All our readers who communicate with the company should take note of the fact, so that the correct name will be used: F. C. Stannard Machinery Company, Dooley Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

*The fifteenth international congress* against alcoholism was opened at Washington, Sept. 21. Sir Auckland Geddes, the British ambassador, told the delegates that prohibition in the United States had attracted the at-



tention of the world. Detailed reports, he said, of the proceedings of the congress had been requested by his home government, while governments of other nations were undertaking studies of the sociological and economic effects of total abstinence.

*War between Poland and Lithuania* was averted by a decision of the council of the League of Nations, Sept. 20, to institute an inquiry into the questions in dispute between the two countries. The disagreement between Sweden and Finland concerning the Aland islands will also be settled by arbitration, on the suggestion of the council. These were among the important results of the deliberations of the ninth session of that body, held at Paris. The council adjourned Sept. 20.

*The Utah State fair* was opened October 4, with ideal weather and a large attendance. This is the forty-second annual exhibition of Utah's great resources. The opening day was characterized by numerous musical programs in the various departments, races, balloon ascensions, etc. The abundant resources of the state were illustrated in the exhibits from mines, farms, ranches, and factories, and the educational exhibits testified to progress made of the state in that line. The attendance numbered about 100,000 people.

*President Grant and Elders George F. Richards* and Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of the Twelve, accompanied by members of their families, visited Cedar City, Sept. 10, on their way to St. George, where they were to attend quarterly conference and the fruit feast, Sept. 11 and 12. A meeting was held in the Tabernacle in the evening, and addresses were delivered by Stake President H. W. Lunt, Elders George F. Richards and Richard R. Lyman, and President Heber J. Grant. President Grant recalled many incidents from his personal experience showing the truth of prophetic utterances and the power of faith.

*Governor James M. Cox*, of Ohio, Democratic nominee for president, addressed a large and enthusiastic audience in the Salt Lake Tabernacle Sept. 15. The immense building was filled to its utmost capacity, and an overflow meeting was held on the grounds. Governor Bamberger and other state and party officials met the distinguished traveler at Ogden, and at the Salt Lake station he was received by other dignitaries of the state, headed by Senator William H. King. The principal streets were decorated with patriotic colors and were thronged with people eager to see and greet one of the candidates for the presidency of the United States.

*Matthew Phelps Fifield*, 90 years of age, one of the few men to whom the discovery of gold in California was confided before it became generally known, and one of the oldest men in Power county, died at the home of his son, Edward H. Fifield, in Rockland, Idaho, Oct. 4. He was born June 18, 1830, at New Haven, Vt. Later he removed with his parents to New York and still later, in 1840, to Nauvoo, Ill. He saw the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum Smith after they were slain. He arrived in Utah in the summer of 1848, after driving four yoke of oxen across the plains, and in 1849 went to California, where he engaged in mining for a year, then returning to Utah.

*The skeleton of a reptile*, hitherto not known to scientists, is, according to a report from Meeker, Cal., dated October 13, being uncovered



at the Dinosaur graveyard near Jensen, Utah, the greatest depository of prehistoric remains of animals in the world. Dr. Carl Douglass, who is in charge of the quarry, is unable to classify the new find, and, at the suggestion of Dr. William J. Holland of the Carnegie museum at Pittsburg, it will be called the "Uintasaurus." The skeleton denotes that in life the animal was about forty-five feet long. There has been some thought of abandoning the quarry, but with every day of excavation some new specimen is uncovered. Several hundred partial skeletons and almost a dozen complete ones have been found, among them the largest ever discovered in the world, measuring 120 feet.

*Elder Oscar A. Kirkham* and the two Eagle Scouts of Salt Lake City, Reed Vetterli and Francis Goeltz, returned to this city, Sept. 9, from the international scout jamboree in London, and trips to France, Belgium, and several points of historic interest in England. Mr. Kirkham was morale director of the American scouts. The returning scouts were met at the railway station by representatives from all the scout troops of the city, under the direction of Datus E. Hammond, field executive. An official welcome was tendered the popular scout leader and his two young companions, Sept. 10, in the Assembly Hall, following a parade from Barratt hall down State Street, Fourth South, and Main Street. Speaking of the trip, Mr. Kirkham declared that the American boys more than did themselves justice throughout the entire trip, and added that nothing but praise and commendation was accorded Salt Lake's representatives. Mr. Kirkham was presented with tokens of esteem by scout executives of Scotland, Belgium, and England, and when the expedition was demobilized in New York the American executives presented him with a special flag in recognition of his services as morale officer.

*Utah was well represented* at the International Women's congress in Christiania, Norway, August 8, this year, says Elder Harold H. Jenson in a letter from London, dated Sept. 4. Mrs. Ida Smoot Dusenberry and her daughter Margaret, Mrs. George Albert Smith and her daughter Edith, and Mrs. James Gunn McKay constituted the Beehive state's representation, which, it is thought, is larger perhaps than that of any other state in the west. Mrs. Dusenberry whose home is in Provo, Utah, is a member of the general board of Relief Societies, and Mrs. Smith, besides being president of the Relief Society organizations in the European mission, is a member of the general board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church. Both are official delegates from Utah, and also greatly interested in women's work in the world. Mrs. McKay is the wife of President James Gunn McKay, president of the London conference, and while attending the congress is visiting relatives in Norway. The official program which lasted for several days, called for speeches by women from all over the world on special subjects of interest to present-day conditions. One of the great questions taken up was the part women can play in helping solve the after-war problems, aiding in the rehabilitation movement, and playing a greater part in the community and governmental life of the world. The welcome news heralded from America's side of the water, was that suffrage had been granted in the United States, with the coming election seeing for the first time in history women in every state allowed the right to vote. A general opinion among representatives, also tended to show that the International Congress had bound the hearts of the women of the world together in a common cause, to see that women of all stations had fair play. The meeting also demonstrated the power that women wield and will continue to wield in the

doings of the world. The gathering was educational and social in its nature. Many elaborate society events took place at which the Royalty of Norway received the visitors. Prior to arrival at the congress the American women who chartered the special boat, and toured Italy, France and Belgium were also honored and received by the aristocracy of the various nations. The Utah delegates according to reports made a remarkable impression, and took an active part. Personally written articles by them no doubt will in the near future, tell more in detail of the congress which will ever live in memory as a lasting monument to womanhood.

*Zion national park* was dedicated at 10:30 a. m., Sept. 15, with appropriate exercises, in the presence of a large audience. Stephen T. Mather, national director of parks, was in charge of the ceremonies. The Cedar City, and the St. George brass bands furnished music, and prayer was offered by Elder Richard R. Lyman. Mr. Mather then spoke, giving



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### ZION NATIONAL PARK DEDICATED

*Ceremony of dedication of Zion National Park, Utah. Senator Reed Smoot is speaking. Behind him on the platform were Stephen D. Mather, Director of National Parks; Heber J. Grant, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and other notable visitors.*

a history of the park. At the conclusion of his remarks he introduced United States Senator Reed Smoot, who pledged his support of all parks and of the good road movement. President Heber J. Grant, representing Governor Bamberger, delivered a brief address. Other speakers were former Governor Wm. Spry, Mayor Clarence C. Neslen, of Salt Lake City, and D. S. Spencer, general passenger agent of the Oregon Short Line.

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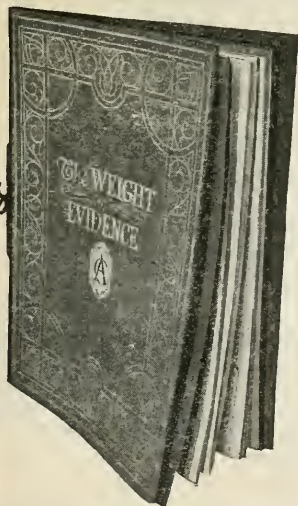
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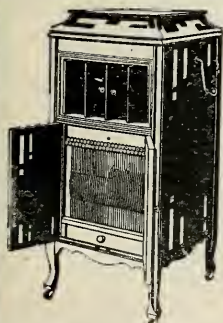
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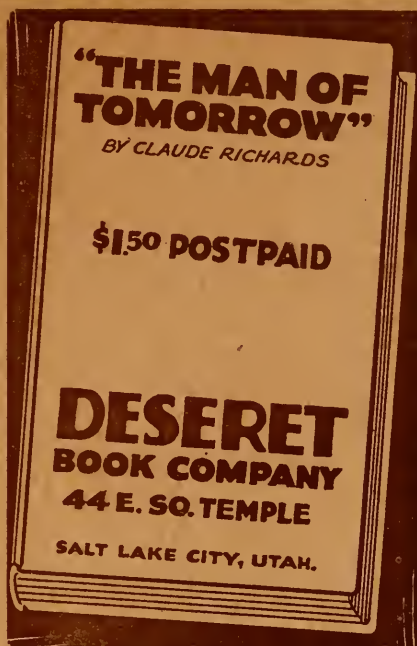
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